

Week ending July 30 1955
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

RAFFLES
AND THE
WEEKEND BANKER
by Barry Perowne

A young explorer and his wife
in the borderlands of Tibet

**LOST
FRONTIER**



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WATER
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Struck off

DOCTORS in Britain last year prescribed something like 220 pounds of heroin for their patients, which works out at several million doses.

The drug, which is made from opium or morphine, is used after operations, for burns, in some forms of cancer, and to relieve painful coughing. Most doctors in this country believe that for these purposes it is unsurpassed, and achieves what no other pain-killing drug can do.

But the government has announced that after the end of this year, no more heroin may be made in Britain, either for use here or for export. Doctors are angry at the decision, and the Assembly of the British Medical Association has unanimously demanded that the ban should be called off.

ONE of those who unsuccessfully challenged the ban in Parliament was Dr. Somerville Hastings, M.P., who is a leading surgeon and hospital administrator. "For many illnesses there is no substitute for heroin," he says. "I used to prescribe it for patients with irritating and intractable coughs: I have had to take it myself for a troublesome cough which nothing else would relieve.

"If this ban is maintained, countless sufferers from coughs and pain will be worse off."

The drug is being banned because it can make people slaves to it. Although there are only about fifty known addicts in Britain, there are many thousands in Canada, the United States, France, Italy and elsewhere. The Economic and Social Council of the United Nations pressed the British Government to stop Britain's activity as the world's biggest producer of heroin.

So the government imposed the ban—with the agreement of the Central Health Services Council, but without consulting the doctors' associations.

Apart from arguing that addiction in this country is trivial, the doctors who favour heroin say that the government's action is a wicked interference with the physician's right to treat his patient in the most effective possible way. They say that heroin will still be manufactured—in secret: that it will still be exported—as contraband.

THE few doctors who support the ban take the view that it is better for some British sufferers to be switched to other drugs than for countless lives to be ruined by heroin overseas.

But as Dr. Somerville Hastings says, "It should be possible to ensure that British-made heroin does not find its way to other countries." If enough is made for home needs only, if every means is used to prevent abuse and smuggling, there is no reason why British invalids should suffer pain which heroin might have relieved.



DR. SOMERVILLE HASTINGS
"I've used heroin on myself"

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FREE SPEECH

The lanes are more beautiful on foot

As a car owner who travels mainly for business reasons I welcome the plan for new trunk roads; as a lover of the countryside, however, I wish that the car had never been invented.

On a recent Sunday I cycled through part of Surrey. At Newlands Corner hundreds of motorists were "enjoying" the beauty of nature from inside their cars; and in the narrow lanes the poor hikers and cyclists were forced into the ditch as cars whistled by.

We should preserve the peace and quiet of the country by providing parking spaces on main roads near famed beauty spots and areas of rural loveliness.

Motorists would be encouraged to park, and to explore the countryside on foot.—E. N. RYAN, Twickenham.

Bone Breaking

IN the ancient Italian city of Siena I watched the toughest horse race in the world, round a colourful cobbled



Pageantry in ancient Siena

square with no holds barred. Seventeen of the Siena districts, most of which are named after animals, this year competed in the race, which was first run in 1482. The jockeys ride bareback, fully prepared to take a hard tumble.

The event is preceded by a parade brilliant with the costumes and twirling banners of the Middle Ages.—E. V., Brighton.

Helpful Hospital

UNABLE to visit a friend in St. Mary's hospital for women, Manchester, I telephoned the hospital several times to ask how she was. I learned later that every time I phoned a card was sent up to my friend, informing her of the call.

What a wonderful idea, compared with the impersonal "quite comfortable" which most hospitals give to their callers.—I. KERSHAW, Romiley, Cheshire.

Dollar Exchange

HAVING lived in Brazil for thirty years, I think you transposed the figures in your footnote on Brazilian currency ("Free Speech," July 9). There are seventy-five cruzeiros to one dollar, at the free market rate of exchange, and not vice versa. The cruzeiro is worth about a penny.—S. W. GRAND, Purley, Surrey.

The dollar is now worth eighty cruzeiros on the fluctuating free

market; the official rate remains at 18.82 cruzeiros to the dollar.

Tasty Shoots

YOUNG bamboo shoots, tasting like asparagus, are gaining popularity in many American restaurants.

For generations the Chinese have removed the fibrous parts of the shoots of the plant, and boiled the rest. Now that the idea has spread to the West, Chinese merchants are starting a "tinned bamboo" factory to meet the overseas demand.—E. C. JOHNSON, Chesterfield.

Umbrella Age

AN old photograph of myself and two young bloods, nonchalantly holding walking-sticks, made me wonder why sticks have gone out of fashion. I remember the stout ash for country walks, and the more elegant



type, with silver knob or ornamental handle, for town use. In the first World War short swagger sticks were carried by other ranks off duty, and natty little canes by the officers.

Now the walking-stick is confined mostly to the lame or the elderly.—R. B., Birkenhead.

"Tobacconists no longer sell sticks, as they used to years ago," says a long-established London firm. "We sell them mostly for country walking, and swordsticks are in demand by people going overseas. But walking-sticks are not in vogue; this is an umbrella age."

On The Chin

THE doctor who says shape can reveal your character ("Free Speech," July 2) has been carried away by the passion for classification. If big men with thrustful chins are the "doers" of the world, what about Nelson, Wolfe, Alexander and Robespierre? Weak-chinned Adolf Hitler

A fascinating new novel

SEA-WYF AND BISCUIT

by J. M. SCOTT

The extraordinary story of three men and a woman adrift on a float in the Indian Ocean

COMING SOON TO JOHN BULL
Full details next week

was a greater menace than the big-chinned bullfrog of the Pontine marshes, Benito Mussolini.—A. O. PEARSON, Middleton, Manchester.

"I meant 'doers' in a physical sense," says the doctor. "Few of the men named were normal characters. Their classification belongs to psycho-pathology, the science of mental disease."

Flame Decides

IN some Hindu families, when the parents disagree on the name for a child, two lamps are lit. One is given

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Almost everyone appreciates the best—that's why Coca-Cola is so popular. There's a fine bracing sparkle and a bright, right taste that only Coca-Cola can give. Delicious, quick refreshment—with a wholesome bit of energy. Pure, matchless quality. Any time, anywhere... **there's nothing like a 'Coke'!**





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WHEN you suffer from indigestion, heartburn or flatulence the first thing you want is quick relief from pain. And that's exactly what you get with BiSoDoL Antacid Digestant. It neutralises the excess stomach acid immediately, and at the same time soothes the inflamed membrane with a bland protective coating. BiSoDoL is made micro-fine for this very purpose.

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enzyme Diastase. Diastase reinforces the ptyalin which is secreted in the natural saliva and which has the important task of breaking down your starchy foods, the very foods which so often give you that uncomfortable "full-up" feeling. So BiSoDoL not only brings you quicker relief from pain but also helps to stimulate natural digestion.

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In Powder for Home Use 1/11

Tablets for Pocket or Bag 1/9

Antacid **BiSoDoL** Digestant

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

the name favoured by the father, and the other is named according to the wish of the mother. The infant is called after the lamp that burns for the longest time.

A similar system would save a lot of argument in British homes.—Mrs. V. T., Glasgow, C.5.

Mountain Boat

WHEN I visited Birmingham's Claerwen reservoir at Rhayader, in Wales, I watched a boat of about seven tons being launched on the lake about 1,500 feet above sea level.

It was used to carry materials for the repair of Claerwen House, in the wilds at the end of the lake without a safe road leading to it.

Claerwen has the highest gravity dam in the British Isles—184 feet high. It is 1,166 feet long, up to 180 feet thick, and holds back 10,625 million gallons of water.—L. T. JONES, Ystradgynlais, Swansea.

Money Question

IF £200 is needed to send a boy on an expedition ("The Schoolboy Pioneers Learn Adventure," JOHN BULL, July 2), I suppose only boys from wealthy families are able to go. It is a pity that as many as fourteen boys were left behind last year, because of the lack of funds.—Mrs. M. WALKER, Manchester, 16.

"Some education authorities help boys financially, but many others do not," says the British Schools Exploring Society. "Parents can seldom afford to contribute more than £50, and we find that Public School boys, on the whole, are the worst placed for cash."

Magical Beads

WESTERN countries should adopt the abacus for accounting, in place of costly machines. This instrument is scorned as a toy by the West, but



An abacus in use in London

in Tokyo a Japanese operator proved faster than a U.S. Army expert, using the latest electric machine, in solving problems of subtraction, addition, division, and a composite

problem. Only in multiplication did the modern machine win.—J. D. H., Croydon, Surrey.

The abacus used at the Japanese embassy in London has twenty-seven sets of six beads, and can calculate in billions. Every Japanese school-child is taught to use a smaller instrument. Many British infants' schools use simplified frames with coloured beads. "But I don't know of any schools in this country using the abacus for advanced calculations," says an expert on educational aids.

Unwelcome Sneeze

ENGLAND was just a dark line on the far horizon when I, a perennial victim of hay fever, began to sneeze. This was an ungrateful welcome



home, but pollen blows even across the Atlantic.—M. SHARPE, Yeadon, Yorkshire.

"Refuge from wind-blown pollen and hay fever can be found only in a submarine or in the stratosphere," says a doctor.

Hungry Mouths

THE cost of keeping children in a home varies between £6 and £10 a child each week, according to reports. But the average mother has to keep a family and pay household expenses, on such amounts or less.—K. MEASURES, Leicester.

"Parents do not require payment to care for their own children," says Dr. Barnardo's Homes, "but we have to pay foster mothers and fathers to look after our seven thousand children. Specialized care and equipment, rates, rent, fuel and food require money, which averages £5 a child over all our Homes." The cost of the 8,714 children under London County Council care, in February, averaged from £7 8s. 10d. a week in small Homes, to 35s. a week with foster parents.

Early Birds

FREQUENTLY I cut out the JOHN BULL covers for my class of forty young children, asking them to write sentences about the pictures. When they saw Tanat Jones's June 18 cover of a couple looking at a wedding dress, most of the girls said "the girl is trying to get the man to marry her." The boys missed the point.

This suggests that girls are "schemers" from an early age.—S. J. H., Merthyr Tydfil, Glamorgan.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THIS WEEK'S COVER

IN even the most sheltered coves there's usually evidence that the sea isn't called cruel by chance. With heartless discrimination, it pillows the expert swimmers on playful, friendly waves—and slaps and stings and suffocates the others with salty, green sheets of water. As swimmers are the most stylish of sportsmen, and non-swimmers can seem such unhappy, timorous people, it's a particularly unkind distinction. Still, Mays's cover family qualify to be minions of the sea. And the one suspect in the party can surely be excused his apprehension. After all, the breakers a couple of yards out are higher than he is, so he has every right to be worried.



Are you on the way to hair failure?



This man suffers from dandruff, but not yet seriously enough to feel that his hair is in danger.

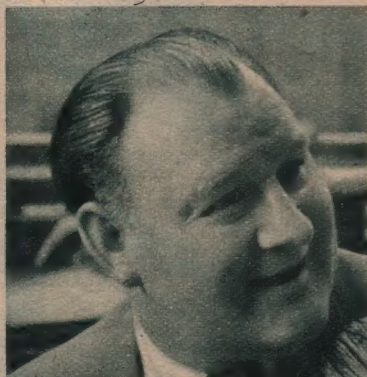
WARNING SIGNS LIKE THESE CAN TELL YOU



A full head of hair, but not a healthy one. Already the hair is coming out on the comb.



Here advanced dandruff has begun to affect the hair, which is now receding at the temples.



Severe dandruff, still unchecked, has been followed by over-activity of the sebaceous glands. The scalp is greasy, the hair is limp and lifeless.



Refusal to take notice of warning signs has led to the bald patch stage. A serious stage, but not necessarily hopeless.



Hair failure is becoming more general—each day the comb is giving a more and more urgent warning.

Such things as dandruff, falling hair and greasy scalp are more than minor hair disorders, they are nature's way of giving warnings, and can be the starting point from which heavy loss of hair develops. And yet thousands who ignore these small beginnings bitterly accept loss of hair as 'inevitable'. What could they have done about it? By far the best solution to the problem to date is—Silvikrin.

A biochemical treatment for hair

The basic Silvikrin product (Pure Silvikrin) is a unique solution of all the 18 organic compounds (amino-acids) from which your hair is built, and can be massaged into the scalp to supplement the natural supply of these vital amino-acids at the hair root. The Silvikrin treatment has been found of the greatest value in many cases of hair trouble; it is the only biochemical specific generally available for improving hair health; and it offers far the best chance of saving the life of the papilla (see diagram), the growing point of the hair which must be kept healthy if your hair is to be saved from further trouble.

But Pure Silvikrin is only part of the story. Working in their specially equipped laboratories devoted entirely to the study of the hair's needs, the Silvikrin experts have developed a whole range of products, all incorporating a measured proportion of Pure Silvikrin, covering almost all aspects of hair health. Start the Silvikrin treatment immediately and give yourself the best possible chance of perfect hair health.



Drawing based on a photomicrograph clearly showing the hair 'root' which must receive regular nourishment if the hair is to grow.



When you need Silvikrin

FALLING HAIR AND SEVERE DANDRUFF Trouble at the hair root or in the scalp may be due to a shortage of even one of the 18 amino-acids which hair must have in order to grow properly. Your best chance of checking falling hair and severe dandruff is to apply Pure Silvikrin, a concentrated solution of all the amino-acids from which hair is built.

GREASY SCALP Excessive activity of the sebaceous gland causes over-oiliness of the scalp which may lead to thinning hair. The remedy is first to shampoo your hair at least once a week, and more often if necessary, with a Silvikrin shampoo: second, massage the scalp lightly night and morning with Silvikrin Hair Tonic, a pleasant non-oily lotion which keeps the scalp free from excessive oiliness.

DRY HAIR Dull dry hair and an itchy scalp mean that too little sebum or natural oil is being produced at the hair root. The remedy is to massage the scalp with Silvikrin Hair Dressing (a lotion with oil). Massage will help to stimulate the whole of the scalp—and Silvikrin Hair Dressing will supplement the supply of natural oils.

CLEANLINESS Always keep your hair scrupulously clean. This is important since disorders such as dandruff are far more likely when hair and scalp are dirty or excessively greasy. A Silvikrin shampoo once a week is the best possible way of keeping your hair clean and healthy.

Persistent neglect has finally caused the hair roots themselves to wither and die. Most of the hair has gone for ever.

The Silvikrin Range

PURE SILVIKRIN A concentrated solution of the 18 organic substances (amino-acids) from which hair is built. 11/3 for a month's supply.

SILVIKRIN HAIR TONIC An invigorating lotion (without oil) for daily massage, containing a measured proportion of Pure Silvikrin. 2/6 and 4/4½d.

SILVIKRIN HAIR DRESSING A superb daily dressing containing just enough oil to groom your hair smartly and naturally all day long: of especial value in checking dandruff. 2/6 and 4/4½d.

SILVIKRIN HAIR CREAM A first rate hair cream, for those who want 'something a little extra.' 2/9 a jar.

SILVIKRIN SHAMPOOS Liquid 6d and 1/5; Powder 4½d; Cream 6d, 1/5 and 2/3.

All these products contain a measured proportion of Pure Silvikrin, for the sake of your hair's health.

SP 38

Silvikrin

The way to hair health

and a cup crashed to the floor, Hugh Tollard stood up. His face was deeply flushed. He was staring from the window.

"Did you see?" he said thickly. "The way Mr. Pell lifted in that basket? Damned thing should be empty—but it was obviously heavy! And, by heaven, look at that cabbie! Susan would stop in here, I'm sure."

It was the fourth error—and the one too many.

"I tell you something's wrong," Hugh shouted. "I don't believe it's Susan in that cab at all!"

He lunged for the door.

Raffles and I were both on our feet. I looked at him in consternation. To my astonishment, the drawn look was quite gone from his face, the dancing vivacity was back in his eyes. He said softly: "Remember Hugh telling us he thought nothing on earth could redeem him in Mr. Pell's eyes, Bunny? Well, here's where I think he's going to do it, after all! Come on!"

The truth burst upon me. It had been staring me in the face all the time. Raffles had contrived the theft of the gold for the sole purpose of giving Hugh Tollard, ex-jailbird, an opportunity to recover it. . . .

A ton weight seemed to fall from my conscience. I followed Raffles quickly into the street, just as Tollard yelled at the cabman, "Stop, you!"

He ran out from the doorway. He darted across the narrow street, threw himself at the horse's head, caught it by the bridle with both hands, wrenching its head round as the horse shied away violently.

The driver made a flying leap from his box and raced for the alley. With him went a flutter of summery white dress patterned with pink roses, and I knew that the bogus Susan must have leaped from the door on the blind side of the cab. The pair were running full tilt. They carried no heavy basket. And thirty paces down that alley, as I well knew, Jem Stoker waited with the brougham to whip the pair of them to safety.

"After 'em!" Hugh was yelling.

He released the horse's head and started for the alley, but Raffles blocked his way. "Wait, Hugh," Raffles said. "Mr. Pell's shouting something—"

THE little banker came running up, hatless, his face white. "Never mind them, Tollard," he panted. "It's Susan that matters. We must get out to Roselands instantly. Confederates are holding her there under threat of death. We must use this cab—call at the police station on the way and—"

"To hell with the police station!" Hugh shouted. He leaped to the box of the four-wheeler. The whip cracked like a musket. "Giddap!"

Mr. Pell, Raffles and myself had barely time to scramble inside before the cab was in lurching motion.

"A terrible experience, gentlemen," said the small banker, groping with a shaking hand for his pince-nez. "In all my banking life—gentlemen, I had no choice—no choice! I had to do exactly as that horrible woman told me—open the safe, put the gold in the basket, carry the basket out to the cab for her under the nose of the commissionaire, give them two clear hours before I raised the alarm—or Susan would be killed out of hand. I knew it was no idle threat, I knew they held her—for, you see, the woman was wearing Susan's new dress! I am a banking man, prepared for the normal hazards of the profession. But my daughter, gentlemen—Susan—"

"You have no cause to reproach yourself, sir," Raffles said kindly. "It would be an unnatural father who didn't value his daughter above—how much do I understand this basket to contain?" he asked, lifting the napkin to regard the gold with meditative interest.

"A thousand pounds," said Mr. Pell. "I—"

"Just so," said Raffles. "No mean sum. Still, thanks to our mutual friend, Hugh Tollard, you have it safe and sound." Not without, perhaps, a shade of regret for what might have

It's The Custom . . .

in RIPON



The procession forms. Years ago, it called at all the inns in town

St. Wilfrid rides again —with the city band

ON St. Wilfrid's Day at Ripon in Yorkshire a year or two ago, a short procession left the town hall at two o'clock. First came the city band; then "St. Wilfrid," dressed as a Saxon bishop and riding a white horse. Leading the horse and wearing a monk's habit and a tonsured wig was Charlie Skirrow.

Not until the procession had started was it noticed that Skirrow's tonsure was hardly orthodox. The shaven scalp ran smoothly down to the neck, and Skirrow had a mass of hair hanging over his forehead. "He had put the wig on back to front," says Cyril Hawley, Ripon's Serjeant-at-Mace.

St. Wilfrid, who lived from 634 to 709, is a patron saint of Ripon, a city on the edge of the Pennines which received its charter in 886. He built the Saxon crypt of the cathedral, and the work survives to this day. "Ripon was one of St. Wilfrid's favourite towns," says the Dean of Ripon, Frederick Hughes, "and the people here thought a lot of him."

Deposed twice from his bishopric, imprisoned once, and a fugitive for years, St. Wilfrid had a stormy career, but every time that he rode into Ripon after some

adventure, he was given a great welcome.

Nowadays, "St. Wilfrid" rides through the streets of Ripon every year on the Saturday before the August bank holiday. He wears sumptuous robes of cream, white and red, adorned with white lace: they are kept in repair by Roman Catholic nuns.

Lawrence Scott, who died last year, had played the part of St. Wilfrid for fifteen years. "It was always great fun," he said. "The children love St. Wilfrid."

The ride covers most of the city, and includes a visit to the cathedral where "St. Wilfrid" is greeted by the Dean and the cathedral clergy.

The procession arrives back at the town hall at about half past four. "By then, the bandsmen are pretty well exhausted," says Cyril Hawley. "They have been playing and marching for over two hours."

In former days, it was a Ripon tradition that the procession should call at all the inns of the city. If an inn was missed, it was thought to bring it bad luck. The habit was dropped, though, as it tended to make the procession a little disorderly.

been, he dropped the napkin back over the swag. "What a lucky thing for you, sir," he said, "that Hugh was in the habit of waiting for your daughter at the Coffee Divan on Saturdays! I've never seen quicker thinking. He penetrated the disguise of the summer dress, put two and two together in a flash, and took instant action."

"Indeed, yes," said the small banker. "This coup was planned with a wicked adroitness. It says a great deal for Tollard's acuteness and resolution that the thing failed. I owe much to him, am really most indebted, deeply grateful—if only—if only we find Susan safe. . . ."

On this score he was reassured on our arrival at Roselands, when we all dashed in—Raffles and I outwardly as anxious as our companions—to hear a small voice calling forlornly from the larder: "Help! Let me out!"

Naturally, with all the details which Susan and her father had excitedly recounted to us of their experience, it was some time before we left.

Susan and Hugh walked down the drive with us. Though Susan unfortunately had lost for ever her new summer dress and her hat, Mr. Pell's relief at her safety and that of the

bank's thousand sovereigns, and his radically changed attitude to Hugh as a result, more than made up for the loss. Never, in fact, had I seen two people so radiant as Susan and Hugh.

WE stood talking for a little, and Raffles, in his graceful way, commented on the beauty of Mr. Pell's garden and the luxuriance of his roses.

"Perhaps he'll be able to work on them at weekends, now," said Susan. "After what's happened today, I should think the paper will wake up to father's existence, and realize how redundant and—and vulnerable the weekend banking service is." She smiled and with her pretty hands plucked a rose from one of the standards. Smiling into Raffles's eyes, she reached up and put the rose into the buttonhole of his lapel.

"Are you fond of roses, A. J.?" she said.

"Excessively so, Susan," said Raffles.

With this as his reward for what personally I felt to be one of the subtlest of his triumphs, Raffles and I walked away, smiling, leaving her in the evening light with Hugh at the gate—that girl, Susan.

THE END

LOST FRONTIER

Continued from page 15

as he grows up he flirts with the girls of his own gang as well as with other unmarried girls of the village.

The Apa Tanis do not disapprove of love making between unmarried boys and girls. The young couples meet in the granaries, in bamboo groves and sometimes even in their parents' houses, and at this age an attractive slave-boy has nearly the same opportunities as the son of patrician parents, and no one objects if he enjoys the favours of patrician girls. All Apa Tani youths delight in secret and often short-lived love affairs, and their parents look with tolerance and amusement on the romantic adventures of the young people.

Slaves And Lovers

The free relationship between the young people of both classes has, however, very important consequences. In the days of childhood and youth, ties of friendship are formed which no class distinction can completely obliterate. The patrician's wife always has a friendly feeling for the lovers of her young days, even if they are the dependants and slaves of her neighbours, and the ease with which slaves join in the conversation round a fireside is undoubtedly the result of the early comradeship between boys and girls of the same work gangs.

Though usually treated with consideration and even affection, a slave has few legal rights. As long as he lives in his master's house and has not been given land of his own, he may be sold at any time. The slave-owner who is faced with the necessity of paying a fine, ransoming a captured relative or providing a mithan for sacrifice, may find the sale of a slave the quickest and sometimes the only way of raising the necessary funds. But young children are normally not separated from their parents, and married couples are always sold together. Moreover, it is an unwritten law that an Apa Tani slave shall not be sold outside his own country. Sales within the Apa Tani community mean hardly more than a change of house. Even if sold to another village, an Apa Tani lives within sight of his old home and has many opportunities of meeting his old friends.

Though Apa Tanis will not sell their own tribesmen to outsiders, they buy many slaves from Daffas, usually children who have been captured in raids. These are brought up as Apa Tanis, speak only Apa Tani and marry Apa Tanis. Thus a continuous stream of Daffa blood flows into the slave population of the Apa Tani valley, and this no doubt contributes to the physical differences between slave Apa Tanis and the patricians.

Held As A Hostage

Many Daffa slaves enjoy their lives in Apa Tani villages and I remember how Nielom Tacho, a young Daffa, joked about his captivity. He was a striking man with handsome features, and startling eyes which, bulging from their sockets, gave him a fierce expression.

"I was quite a small boy, living with my parents, when one day I accompanied my elder brother on a friendly visit to Haja. While we were there Kemli Koi captured me on the pretext that my brother had failed to repay an old debt."

"My father was too poor to ransom me and so Kemli Koi sold me to Hage Polu. But Polu did not want to keep me, and he took me to several villages, hoping to find someone to buy me."

"He had no luck. All the villagers said, 'How can we buy a boy with a face like that? He would certainly seduce our wives, and in the end he might even murder us.' So Polu took me back to his own village, and I remained in his house for many years. It was not a bad life and I had lots of fun with the girls."

I will always remember the pride with which Tako, an old Daffa of Hang, assured me again and again that he was a follower of the great Ponyo Tamar; he positively basked in

RAFFLES AND THE WEEKEND BANKER

by BARRY PEROWNE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

Was this Raffles—the gay, the debonair? Here was a lovely girl in need of help, and he was planning how to rob her father

IT WAS ABOUT AN hour past noon on a midsummer Saturday. Already the pulse of London had slowed to the drowsy tempo of a sweltering weekend. Raffles and I were walking through a maze of byways in the vicinity of Fleet Street. All the buildings were shuttered and silent. Not a soul was in sight.

"It's stifling, Bunny," said Raffles. "The sooner we get out to Henley and cool ourselves off in a punt on the river, the better."

There was nothing I wanted more, for whereas he had only just returned from ten days of cricket with an M.C.C. touring side on the pleasant grounds of the Midlands, I myself had been perspiring through this London heat-wave in the effort to complete a difficult article for a small but exacting literary periodical.

"I'm glad, though," Raffles went on, as we walked, "that you're keeping up some pretence at your old pursuit of journalism. An innocuous label of some kind is a valuable red herring if one leads a life of crime. Besides, now that we've taken the trouble to stroll down here and drop your manuscript through the editor's letter-box, I've no doubt you feel better?"

"Oddly enough," I said, in some surprise, "I do."

"That's because you have a clear conscience," said Raffles, "a priceless thing. You'll enjoy an afternoon at Henley all the more for it." His tone changed. "Hallo, what's this procession approaching?"

He put a hand on my arm, slowing me to a saunter. Ahead, three men had come into sight, approaching along the opposite pavement of the narrow street. One man was in the lead, a small man, trim and erect in cutaway coat and striped trousers, with a neat grey beard. Stick in hand, silk hat and dangling pince-nez flashing in the sun, he walked with a brisk purposefulness. Immediately behind him, towering over him and taking one stride to his two, a brace of burly individuals marched side by side. They, too, wore silk hats, but their frock-coats were bottle-green in colour, with brass buttons. These two men bore between them, each gripping a handle, a leather satchel evidently heavy.

"Bank messengers," Raffles murmured.

As he spoke, the trim man in the lead turned sharply to his right to enter the premises of an old-established and highly influential newspaper. Saluted by the commissionaire at the door, the small man and his laden stalwarts vanished within.

Raffles's pace slowed still more. He took out

In her summery dress, patterned with roses, she was a joy to look at. "There's Susan," said Hugh. "She comes here every Saturday"



his cigarette case. "A rather odd incident, that, Bunny," he said, as he offered me a cigarette. "It's Saturday—after banking hours."

His keen face was so tanned from his recent cricket that his eyes looked a lighter grey than usual, and I was dismayed to see in them the speculative expression that I knew so well—and dreaded.

"Come on," I urged, "let's find a hansom and catch our train for Henley. I'm looking forward to the river."

"And very sensibly," he said. "Still, come to think of it, there's no pressing hurry—the trains out'll be crowded for an hour or so yet." As he touched the match in his cupped hands—the flame invisible in the bright sunshine—first to my cigarette, then to his own, he added softly, "Here come the stalwarts."

The two bank messengers had reappeared. They no longer were accompanied by the brisk, small man in the cutaway, neither did they now carry the heavy satchel. They had an off-duty-at-last air. Filling their pipes, they lingered for an amiable word with the commissionaire before strolling off, large men visibly at ease, toward the large leisure of a hot weekend.

"Curious," Raffles mused, as we began to walk unhurriedly in the same direction as the bank messengers. "Why should an obvious satchel of sovereigns arrive on a Saturday, after banking hours, at a building clearly three parts empty, only a skeleton staff on duty? I'll tell you what, Bunny. That's a rather nice-looking old place across the road there—the place marked 'Coffee Divan.' Journalists from the newspaper probably frequent it. Let's drop in there for a minute. Who knows, we may learn of something to our advantage."

Ahead, the two bank messengers, tossing pipe-smoke over their shoulders, passed straight on along the street, which narrowed still more at the point where the Coffee Divan jutted out; and it was rather irritably that I followed Raffles out of the sun-glare into the dimness of the place.

"Great Scott!" said a voice instantly. "Raffles and Manders! I thought it looked like you two I saw out there!"

FROM a seat at a table near the bow window, the only customer in the shadowy, mocha-smelling little place leaped to his feet. He was a wiry, fair-haired, brown-eyed chap whose tweed suit, though well cut, was so hard worn as to hint at reduced circumstances in its owner.

Despite the spontaneity of his greeting, a hint of caution seemed to come into his expression as we went over to him; his extended hand half fell, as though to some sudden dubiety of mind. But Raffles gripped the hand hard.

"Hugh Tollard!" he exclaimed. "How are you, Hugh?" And he cut straight to the core of the chap's diffidence. "Bunny and I were abroad when you came your cropper, Hugh, but we read about it and were damned sorry. How long have you been back in circulation?"

"About six months," said Hugh Tollard. "Bit of remission." He laughed, with a shakiness of relief, as we all three sat down and a venerable waiter set coffee before us. "You know," said Hugh, "you two are the first old friends I've seen since I got out. If you've been in jug, you don't quite know how people may receive you."

"Nonsense! A spell in jug could happen to anyone," said Raffles, "even Bunny or me. You were just unlucky, Hugh."

"I was careless," said Hugh. "If I had spent more time in the office, keeping an eye on my clever partner, I wouldn't have ended up in dock answering for his malpractices. Of course, the jury wouldn't believe that I didn't know what he was up to. You see, I had profited so much by it. The old judge had the truth of it. 'A young solicitor,' he told me, 'can't afford to play three-day cricket matches all through the season, no matter how brilliant a wicket-keeper

he may be. You must go to prison for two years.' It was fair enough, of course. Yet, in my time in that cell, I relived every over I ever kept wicket for you, Raffles—every ball. It helped keep me sane. In spite of what the judge said, somehow I couldn't really regret the cricket."

"He never thought you would, Hugh," said Raffles. "Why, you can see that judge at Lord's any day of the week. He'll be the first to shout 'Well taken, sir!' when he sees you behind the stumps again."

HUGH shrugged. "What club would have me?" he said. "If you've once been on the inside, it's hard to live down. I've discovered that. I've a job of sorts—pretty much of a dead end, but I'm lucky to have one at all." He flushed slightly. "Did you know that when I ran into that mess my partner dumped on me when he bolted to South America, I'd just got engaged? Susan—I can't tell you what she means to me. She stood by me. She was as steady as a rock when the whole world seemed to be crumbling under my feet. I want you to meet her. She'll be here any minute. We meet in the Coffee Divan here every Saturday afternoon."

"I hope you'll invite Bunny and me to the wedding," Raffles said.

"Wedding?" said Hugh. He stared out at the somnolent street beyond the window, and his tone and expression were strange. "There may never be any wedding," he said. He turned to Raffles. "It's her father, A. J. The old boy withdrew his consent—turned dead against me. I'd been sent to prison, that was enough for him. I was a jailbird, and that changed the picture. You can understand it, in a way, because of his position. He's a bank man—straight as a gun barrel and as rigid as one. Yet, inside, he's a lonely little man since his wife died—as Susan understands only too well. As a matter of fact, at weekends he's probably the loneliest man in all London."

He nodded towards the street outside, deserted except for the commissionaire before the newspaper premises.

"Did you," he asked, "see a trim little grey-bearded man go into the newspaper premises just now, with two bank messengers carrying a satchel—a satchel that contains a thousand pounds in gold? Well, that's him. That's Susan's father, Mr. Nelson Pell—the weekend banker."

My lips felt dry. Impassive, Raffles took out his cigarette case.

"A curious term, Hugh," he said, "'weekend banker.'"

"A curious business," said Hugh. "You just saw him escorted into the premises. There he'll stay till Monday morning at ten, when the two messengers will call to escort him back to the bank with the thousand sovereigns in the satchel untouched. Strange, isn't it? There he'll sit, all over the weekend, in a building almost empty, in a little room tucked away by itself at the back somewhere—a room, Susan tells me, with a half-obliterated old label marked *Cliché* on the door. Nothing in the room, she says, except a safe, a camp-bed, a table, a chair. And there he'll sit, hour after hour, as he's sat through every weekend and national holiday for a good many years now, with his thousand sovereigns—waiting for something that's never likely to happen."

"What is this improbable event?" Raffles asked.

"Why, the paper running out of cash at hand," said Hugh. "It happened just once, by a freak mischance, many years ago. Some cataclysm occurred abroad. The paper wanted to rush men to the spot. It involved arranging a special train—locomotive and one carriage—to enable them to catch the cross-Channel packet. Then there was money needed for their expenses and so on. By a mischance, there'd been a run



Susan smiled up into Raffles's eyes as she

on the cash usually kept at hand. The paper was caught short. It was the weekend, the banks were shut.

"The upshot was, the paper missed a good cataclysm. In the wrath of the moment, they demanded some kind of weekend service from the bank, on the grounds that, no matter how much specie the cashier kept available in his safe, a freak run on it *could* catch them short again. They wanted to be able to call on the bank. They insisted on it. So the bank assigned their Mr. Pell to be on call, on the premises, every weekend, with a reserve. But, of course, the original mischance was a thousand-to-one freak. It's never recurred and never is likely to. Susan's convinced the paper's completely forgotten they ever demanded a weekend banking service."

"Certainly, Mr. Pell would much rather spend his weekends tending his roses—his house is near Barnes Common—but he works for a really conservative bank. Once they set up a service



fixed the rose. "Are you fond of roses, A.J.?" she said. "Excessively so," said Raffles. Their words were cover for a message—sent and received

it goes on till doomsday, and his own sense of duty is rigid and unquestioning. So there he sits in his little room every weekend, with his thousand gold sovereigns, in an almost empty building—in it, but not of it—a forgotten man."

"You deeply interest me, Hugh," said Raffles, with what truth only I could guess "What does Mr. Pell do about his meals? A waiter from some adjacent chop-house carries them into him, perhaps?"

My palms went moist. I sensed along what lines he was thinking. But Hugh nodded towards the window. "See for yourself," he said

THROUGH the window, I saw that into the Saturday drowse of this backwater a hansom had turned. The jogtrot of the horse's hooves and the jingle of harness were thinly audible as the hansom came on toward us, then pulled in to its left, and halted before the newspaper premises. The commissionaire stepped forward to relieve the passenger of a wicker basket

covered with a snow-white napkin; and the passenger, putting a small foot on the step, leaped lightly to the kerb.

"There's Susan," said Hugh, tenderly. "She comes here every Saturday."

The girl made a pretty figure out there, in her summery white dress patterned over with pink roses, and her shady, wide picture hat of a straw colour, as she held up the fare to the cabbie, then glanced fleetingly toward the Coffee Divan.

"She always looks this way," Hugh said, "wondering if I'm here yet."

As the horse plodded round in a half-circle, to jog off back the way it had come, the commissionaire pushed open the door of the newspaper office and held it, smiling, while Susan passed inside.

"She brings Mr. Pell's weekend provisions every Saturday at this time," Hugh told us. "She's been doing it ever since she was a child, when her Saturday trip in from Barnes in a

hansom was a great adventure to her. A little girl, you know, an only child, whose mother dies, is apt to develop an extraordinary sense of responsibility where her father's concerned. I know how deep that goes, in Susan. She's twenty-two now and could do as she pleased. But to break irrevocably with her father—which is what marrying me would mean, I'm afraid—is a frightful thing for her to contemplate."

AFTER a moment's pause, he went on: "Oh, she won't give me up! Her father knows perfectly well she meets me here every Saturday and that we spend the rest of the day together. She makes no secret of it. She tells him frankly that she lives for the day when he'll change his attitude toward me. But I don't think anything on earth could redeem me in Mr. Pell's eyes. To him—once a jailbird, always a jailbird. Susan and I simply don't know what to do for the best, and that's a fact." He added, "When she's seen her father



As Hugh caught at the bridle the girl leaped from the cab, and raced away down the alley

all fixed up—his bed made and all that—she'll come along here."

Raffles ordered more coffee, which we drank while we were waiting.

"Here she comes," said Hugh, at last.

Through the window, I saw the girl and the trim, small banker, half a head shorter than his daughter, emerge from the newspaper premises into the sunshine. The banker now was bare-headed and carried the basket. He handed it to Susan and, kissing his bearded cheek affectionately, she turned from him. He raised his pince-nez, flashed one inimical glance from them in the direction of the Coffee Divan, and then he turned and strode back briskly into his weekend prison.

The girl came on. As she came, her footsteps quickened. She pulled off her pretty hat impatiently. Her dark-grey eyes searched eagerly the window of the Coffee Divan, and she began to smile, she began to run—with the basket on her arm. Then she was in the doorway, and then in Hugh's arms—not seeing Raffles and me at all, in the dimness after the sun.

Hugh took her basket and her hat from her. An arm about her, he brought her to the table and, as we rose, began to introduce us. But she smiled and said, "A. J. and Bunny? I've known of you both as long as ever I've known Hugh!" And, warmly, she held out a hand to each of us—this girl, Susan. . . .

So we did not get to Henley, after all. Leaving our friends to the devices of people in love, Raffles and I walked back up the Strand and the Haymarket in the direction of the Albany, where Raffles lived. I kept thinking of Susan, and seeing the picture of her running in the sunshine; and as we turned into Piccadilly I felt impelled to break the silence in which Raffles and I had been walking.

"Rotten situation they're in, Raffles," I said. "Difficult to see what they can do about it, quite."

"H'm?" he said absently. "Oh, Susan and Hugh. Yes, bit of a cleft-stick there." He stopped. "Look, Bunny, there's something I want to bone up in the encyclopaedia. I think I'll leave you, now. Pop round and see me on Wednesday evening. We'll split a chop."

He turned off into Albany Courtyard. Henley was quite forgotten, I saw that. I walked on to my flat in Mount Street wondering what the deuce he wanted to bone up in the encyclopaedia all of a sudden.

WHEN I went round to the Albany on the Wednesday evening, I asked him. "Oh, that?" he said. He was adjusting his white tie before the mirror in his sitting-room. His dark hair was still crisply damp from his bath. "I wanted to compute the troy weight of one thousand sovereigns, and find the formula by which one converts troy into its avoirdupois equivalent."

"With what object?" I said, feeling a kind of stiffening about my jaw-hinges.

"With the object," said Raffles, "of learning whether two hulking great bank messengers were necessary merely to heft the load, or whether the presence of two was dictated by bank security practice. The answer, you'll be glad to hear, is the latter. The weight's under twenty pounds—easily portable in a basket." He turned, smiling at my expression as he clapped on his opera hat. "Before we go to dinner, Bunny, we'll pop round and see Ivor Kern. He's been making some arrangements for me."

It was with a divided mind that I sat beside him in the hansom that bore us through the lavender twilight of the quiet streets to the antique shop of our friend, Ivor Kern, receiver of stolen property, in the King's Road, Chelsea. The fact was, I had been thinking almost continuously about Susan and about her and Hugh's predicament; and it had come as a

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LOST FRONTIER (2) *Christoph Haimendorf's adventures in the strange valley where men settle quarrels by kidnapping their rivals*

We learn the secrets of ransom and revenge

ONE FINE SPRING MORNING, my wife Betty and I looked out from our new home in the Himalayas and saw great numbers of tribesmen heading southwards. All wore long, white cloaks and were dressed with special care. We were told that they were on their way to celebrate the strange *Mloko* festival.

Several weeks earlier, Betty and I had set out from North Assam with an expedition to explore the unknown borderlands of Tibet and study the exotic, red-tailed Apa Tani hillmen who live in a lost valley beyond the jungle. The Apa Tanis welcomed our party, hoping that we would help them in their feud with the barbarous Dafia

tribesmen who live outside the valley. They built houses for us, and each day we were becoming more fascinated by the curious customs and primitive civilization of this little-known people.

They told us that the *Mloko* festival to celebrate the spring planting was being held in the village of Hang, down the valley. Men and women from the other Apa Tani villages were going there to pay ceremonial visits to their friends and to be entertained with rice-beer and meat.

We decided to go too, and found the Hang streets full of visitors. On every side, men in ceremonial dress squatted to stare upwards at

a bouncing rope on which a small figure was doing aerial acrobatics.

Then I understood the purpose of the high poles that mark the skylines of the seven Apa Tani villages. From the top of the sixty-foot mast a cane stretched to a stake in the ground about a hundred feet away, forming a long, slanting tightrope. Groups of young men and girls worked the lower end of the tightrope up and down so that the pole bent backwards and forwards. When it had sufficient momentum, all but one youth let go, and the rope wrenched itself free and soared upwards, taking the acrobat into the air high above the rooftops, where he performed daring acrobatic feats. Although I

Bali, a slave girl accused of stealing, is publicly disgraced. Apa Tani justice is not always so lenient: some thieves pay with their lives





High into the air on a tightrope soars a village acrobat. Haimendorf was fascinated. "But I lacked the courage to try it myself," he says



Bida, one of the richest and most influential young Apa Tanis. Three girls agreed to become his wives—and his first wife gave her consent

was invited to take a turn, I lacked the courage to try the flying rope.

At Hang, one of the leaders of the village invited us to his house. His name was Tamar, and as we sat by his fire he told us that he had five sons and fifteen daughters, the children of three of his wives. As each son married, Tamar had given him a site on which to build a house, several fields, one cow, one mithan (domestic bison), some beads and cloth. "When I die," said Tamar, "all the rest of my property—this house, my fields, slaves and cattle—will go to my youngest son."

Before dividing his property, Tamar owned fifty slaves; he freed ten, giving them house-sites and land of their own. Such a gift is a mark of great favour, for land is expensive, and a slave with his own field is often better off than the son of poor patrician parents.

As a rule, Apa Tani land can be bought only in exchange for cattle. Pigs, cloth or swords may go with the price, but the basic price must be paid in mithan and cows. Irrigated rice fields are the most important part of a man's property. Here he grows much of his food, and the price of such land is so high that unless an Apa Tani starts by inheriting two or three terraces he has little chance of building up a holding big enough for his needs.

Turned Swamps Into Fields

The rice fields run the length of the valley, watered by an ingenious system of channels. Here the Apa Tanis grow the rice which they trade for slaves, pigs and mithan with their truculent Dafla neighbours, so that they have a standard of living far higher than any other tribe in that part of the Himalayas.

Their legends say that when their ancestors first came to the valley from distant lands in the east, they found it filled with swamps and stagnant pools, alive with enormous lizard-like

monsters. They drained the swamps, killed the reptiles and set to work to cultivate the land.

When we arrived, the agricultural season had just begun. The previous two months—January and February—had been spent in repairing the dams damaged by the winter rain and snow. This work was being finished, and everywhere we saw groups of men and women building dams and dykes and rearranging flights of terraces.

From the age of seven or eight, every Apa Tani belongs to a labour gang made up of the boys and girls living in one part of a village. Until they marry, the youngsters spend most of their working days with their own gang, and boys and girls who are not of the same family become lovers—or, later, husband and wife. As a rule, the gang works in turn on the fields of parents. The only payment is a midday meal and some rice-beer. A rich man, however, can hire a gang out of turn for proper wages, and the day's profits are divided among the gang.

To some extent, the link between members of the same gang lasts into later life. A man who is rebuilding his rice terrace will invite his gang friends to help, and he will work on their fields in his turn.

The Apa Tanis cultivate two kinds of rice field. One is kept permanently under water; the stubble of the past year's crop sprouts in the spring, and the same plants have a crop for two or three successive seasons. The women plant seedlings in barren patches, but the earth is not dug for many years. Nowhere else in India have I seen such perennial rice.

Alongside these permanently flooded fields are drained fields. At the start of the year they are dug over, watered and left to soak. The mud is then puddled by men and boys who support themselves on two poles while they churn the mud with their feet. This is not considered a pleasant task, and rich men do not do it—they prefer to supervise the work of the women, boys

and slaves. Yet at planting or harvest time, a rich man will work beside hired labourers.

As well as rice, the Apa Tanis grow millet, maize, vegetables and coarse tobacco. Millet is used to brew beer, and tobacco is both smoked and chewed: even small boys are seldom seen without pipes in their mouths. When we first arrived, the local tobacco crop had not ripened and the Apa Tani women pestered us day and night for our tobacco.

Four Mithan Bought Bride

A few days after our visit to Hang, the wife of our host Tamar came to call on us. She was his fourth wife, forty years his junior and one of the prettiest Apa Tani women. He had paid a bride price of four mithan for her.

She brought us a gift of eggs, and stayed on our veranda for most of the morning, obviously enjoying herself in the rôle of a great man's wife. The nose plugs which give most Apa Tani women so strange an air did not seem to disfigure her beautiful features, and against her rosy skin, the blue-black nose plugs blended with her blue chin-tattoo.

These nose plugs are as peculiar to Apa Tani women as the red cane tails are peculiar to Apa Tani men. Holes are pierced in a girl's nose in infancy and the small wooden pins which are first put in are changed from time to time into larger studs until the nostrils are sufficiently extended to take the plugs of blackened wood. The ambition of every woman is to be able to wear the largest possible nose plugs, and those that are most admired are as big as a florin. This is a risky business, for if vanity triumphs over caution and the plugs are enlarged too quickly, the nostril will tear—a catastrophe for an Apa Tani belle.

It was with beauty operations that our expedition's doctor, newly arrived after an appalling journey in almost incessant rain, had his



Above a bamboo stockade, Tamo guards his son-in-law, Pusang. When Pusang drove his wife from home, Tamo took him captive. He was kept tied up for six months—for insulting his in-laws

first great success. Though it was some time before the sick summoned him to their houses, they eagerly sought his aid in the matter of torn nostrils and ear-lobes, and day after day his bamboo house was besieged by long queues of battered belles patiently waiting for him to restore their beauty with needle and thread.

It did not take us long to discover that in an Apa Tani village there was no man capable of giving an order which was binding on anyone except his immediate dependants and slaves.

We realized that the men who gave themselves airs, shouted commands and boasted of their achievements, were of little consequence in Apa Tani society. They were largely men who went year after year to the plains of Assam to trade and earn a little cash by casual work in the tea-gardens or government forests.

The real power was held by members of the hereditary upper class who were reticent in their dealings with outsiders. It was only after I had learned their names and could seek them out in their own villages that we got to know the more important men.

Tadu, one of the heads of Hari village, for instance, did not visit our camp until I had paid him a personal call. He was courteous but reserved when he greeted us. As one of the most aristocratic Apa Tanis, Gat Tadu was a type found in a few families of high standing. His face was long and narrow, the nose straight and finely shaped, and the light eyes were set under strongly marked brow ridges. He was tall, slim and dignified. His voice was low and he spoke softly and deliberately.

From Tadu I learned that there was an upper class whose members, known as *mite*, never intermarried with those of the lower class called *mura*. "Nothing," said Tadu, "can turn a *mura* into a *mite*. He may become rich and acquire much land, he may be a great warrior, he may be so clever that his voice will be heard in the

council of the village, but a slave he remains; even in the Land of the Dead, he will be a slave."

Similarly, a man of patrician birth can never sink to the level of a slave. "If a *mite* is very troublesome we may decide to kill him. But he cannot be made a slave. He is free by being born a *mite*. Of course he may be unfortunate and fall into the hands of Daffa raiders, and then who can say what will happen? Recently my own sister was captured by Daffas. She is a widow and so it was I who had to buy her freedom; if I had not done so she would have become a Daffa's slave. But in our own valley a *mite* cannot become a slave. If he is poor and has debts, his kinsmen will pay them rather than see him serve his creditor."

The social superiority of the patricians is undisputed, but most of their privileges are undefined. There are some very poor patricians who have lost their land through misfortune or bad management; they make a living by working on the land of others and going far and wide on trading expeditions. But their status in the rank system is not affected by such poverty.

Free Slaves Pay Tributes

Tadu told me that originally all *mura* were the slaves of patricians, and that although there are many free *mura* families today, they are all descendants of slaves. Every member of a *mura* clan, however rich he may be, has a patrician patron to whom he must give the heads of all the animals he kills out hunting or sacrifices to the gods. If a free *mura* dies without heirs all his property goes to his patron.

There are no great barriers between patricians and slaves, and a young slave-boy living in a patrician's house works alongside his master's sons and daughters. Like all young Apa Tanis he joins a work-gang of both *mite* and *mura*, and

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*Reginald Arkell's
enchancing new novel*

TRUMPETS OVER MERRIFORD



IN the village of Merriford, dreaming its days away among the quiet water-meadows of the upper Thames, life was a peaceful business . . . until the Americans came.

They came with their coloured shirts and their roaring bulldozers. They tore down farmhouses and they diverted roads. They built an airbase, and their jets flew in nonstop from Texas.

Eager young men invaded the village. . . . They invaded the pub. . . . One even invaded the vicarage—and there he met Mary. . . .

Trumpets Over Merriford presents a light-hearted approach to Anglo-American relations. It is an enchanting story of appealing romance and gay summer revelry, set against a background that breathes the true magic of the countryside.

Reginald Arkell is famous for his broadcasts, his light verse—and his best-selling novels of English country life. *Trumpets Over Merriford*, his latest book, is to appear in JOHN BULL. It is a novel of wonderful freshness and charm, and will

make ideal holiday reading. With delightful illustrations by Richard O. Rose, the first instalment appears . . .



Reginald Arkell

NEXT WEEK IN JOHN BULL

Taste the fruit!



Long lasting enjoyment

BESIDE A SMOOTH STRETCH of the Thames near Hampton Court in the summer of 1953, a crowd of spectators watched Geoff Colyer, Britain's leading canoeist, race two Swedish champions for the Paddling Challenge Cup in a 10,000 metres kayak singles event. At the half-way turn, Colyer saw the chance he had been waiting for as he paddled behind them.

Pulling up to the Swedes, who had been working together to defeat him, he brought the bow of his canoe level with their cockpits, and forced them to give way. Colyer seemed safely in the lead when the Swedes, who had been following in his wash and resting, retaliated with a sprint that again put them ahead.

"It looked as if the race was decided then," says Graham Palmer, another canoeist. "But Geoff showed a last burst of angry determination—and took the Swedes by surprise."

Adopting their tactics, he hung on to the outside of their wash until the 9,000 metres mark, and then put on a last burst of speed. He won the race by four lengths.

In the highly individual sport of canoeing, Geoff Colyer has earned a reputation for a fighting spirit that always comes to his rescue when he most needs it. Though his style is reckoned to be poor by the experts, it is compensated by mental and physical stamina that some athletes consider unique. "He has a nervous vitality that he seems able to switch on and off as he chooses," says Eric Farnham, his coach.

Breaks All The Rules

Since he took up canoeing in 1950, Colyer has consistently broken all the rules of style; he wins through sheer determination.

Last year, in the 1,000 metres kayak singles race for the British championship, he took the lead at the start.

"His technique showed every possible defect," says an onlooker. "His head was down, cramping his breathing; his arms were bent, and he wasn't swinging the trunk of his body enough to give his stroke extra thrust. But he held the lead all the way."

Colyer, a dark-haired twenty-four year old with powerful shoulders, prefers the singles events because the outcome depends completely on the individual. Canoe races are classed according to the type of canoe used and the distance covered. In kayak singles (K1) events, the canoe is paddled by one man, in kayak doubles (K2) events, by two men, and in kayak four (K4) events, by four men.

Colyer's current ambition is to win a medal at the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne. In the 1952 Olympics, he came twelfth out of twenty in the 10,000 metres kayak singles event after only two years' canoeing. "His style, though still unorthodox, has improved since then," says Eric Farnham.

Raced In European Events

In the European Championships at Mâcon, France, last year, Colyer was twelfth out of thirty-two in the 1,000 metres kayak four event. In the West European Championships at Duisburg, Germany, in 1953, he was eighth in the 1,000 and 10,000 metres kayak singles.

At home, he has won the 10,000 metres kayak singles three times, the 500 metres kayak singles twice, and the 1,000 metres kayak singles twice.

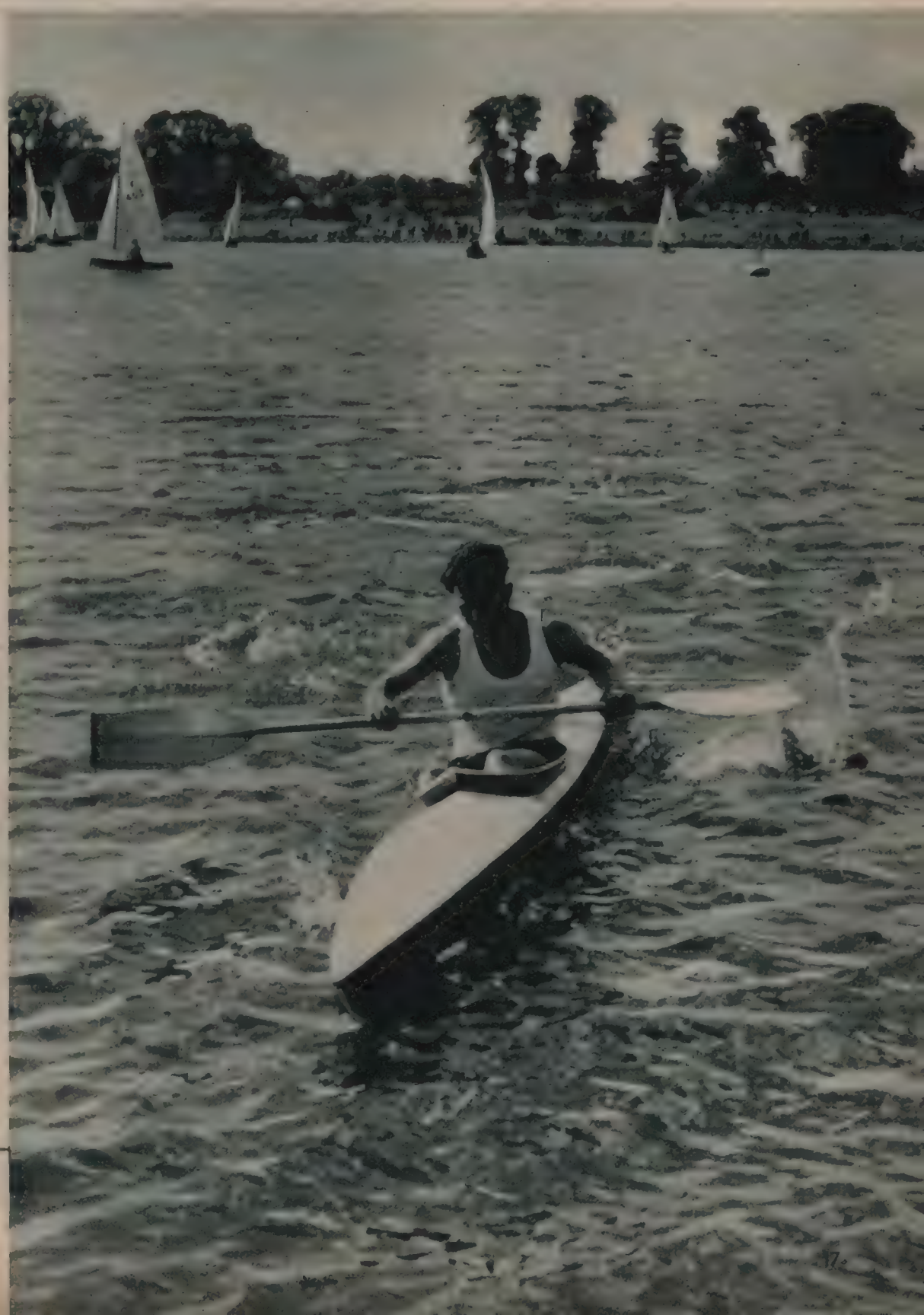
In the last 500 metres of a 10,000 metres kayak doubles event at a club regatta, Colyer and his team-mate, Graham Palmer, ran into trouble when their rudder bar slipped and their canoe veered sharply into the river bank. Colyer

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Fighting champion in a canoe

by JACK ATTACK

Experts say that Geoff Colyer's staccato paddling style is all wrong. But angry spirit and midnight training have given his stroke the power that may beat the world



Competing in a kayak singles event at a London regatta, Colyer shows his punchy action. He often wins his races through sheer determination



I was sitting down, waiting for my dog, when I saw the four men. There was no mistaking old Ben. And

Whisky special

by DUDLEY HOYS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WOOD

What a drink it was—shilling a nip, and no questions! We had drunk it for years at the Fox, but now this old wretch had sold our secret

TRUE, BEN SCARTH might have been feeling hard up, with nothing but his old age pension and the occasional bit he picked up at odd jobs. He liked his baccy and his nightly glass or two at the Fox, and maybe it was hard to make both ends meet. That was how I argued with myself in his favour. But when all was said and done, I reckoned his behaviour had a touch of the Judas about it.

The affair started one evening in the Fox, where we Iredale folk care to meet for a drink and a crack. A decent, well-behaved place it is, and you might go a long way to find a better landlord than Joe Tryson. Like the rest of us in the dale, Joe agrees that the cost of quenching a thirst these days is fairly steep, and he never resents the fact that at most of the farms they brew their burnet wine and nettle beer.

Some years back, Joe began to have on sale

a brand of spirit that never came out of a licensed distillery. Any local chap who wanted a nip of it would simply plank down a shilling and ask for "a special." No stranger got to hear of it. Joe took good care of that. And none of us attempted to find out where it was made or who made it. We were glad to get it after a hard day on the winter fells, digging sheep out of snow drifts, or dipping a few hundred sheep in a biting December with the water freezing on one's arms.

That evening when I walked into the bar, there were two men wearing town suits and stiff collars and ties. I recognized one as Holloway, a traveller in whisky who came round twice a year. Fattish, cheerful, easy-going, he contrasted oddly with his companion, who was bony, with a prim, sour face. Besides this pair there were a few dalesfolk, including old Ben. He sat in a corner, supping at a tankard. As

usual his white hair curled up under the edges of his cap, and his light blue eyes had a look of mildness.

Holloway introduced me to his companion. "This is Mr. Joslin," he said. "He's in the Excise line. Funny sort of bosom pal for a whisky traveller, eh?"

He laughed noisily, but Joslin's lips tightened in annoyance.

"Now, George," Holloway said, "don't frown. There's no harm in me telling 'em." He turned and grinned at the rest of us. "We do each other good turns. If I find my customers are cutting down their whisky orders, I guess there's jiggery pokery somewhere, and I tell George. He noses it out and stops it, and my orders go up again."

The landlord smiled and nodded, and his twinkling eye caught mine. He had nothing to fear from Joslin, for he had started serving



behind him was a figure in a dark town suit. With a shock, I realized who it was: Joslin, the Excise man!

his "specials" in the war years, when official supplies had dropped almost to nothing.

Somebody said to Joslin: "How do you nose things out?"

It was Holloway who gave the answer. "Informers, mainly. A reward of so much for information leading to the finding of an illicit still, and so much extra for an actual arrest. There isn't much that gets past George here, I can tell you."

I could believe it. There was something about Joslin that reminded me of a hunting stoat.

Holloway gave his booming laugh. "Hilly spots like this are just the place for illicit stills. Easy to hide. The Highlanders do it, and the Irish. What about you Cumbrians?"

Obviously, he was joking. The landlord continued to smile, and the garrulous Holloway rattled on. We locals listened, and said "Ay," and were fairly amused to think he was skating on thin ice without knowing it. Joslin stood there, saying little. He seemed to be summing us up as a bunch of hayseeds.

Old Ben was the first to leave. He got up, yawning, and said: "Well, I'm off."

FOUR mornings later I was on Birker Fell, gathering my ewes for dipping. A lonely place it is, perhaps the most untrodden stretch in England. The eastern end piles up into crags and granite ridges. There are spongy hollows, heathery gullies, and clusters of great boulders that offer shelter to the foxes. To the west the rock slopes down to a wide, seeping moss—sad, peaty miles of it, with a few hummocks standing up as islands. A man who came to grief there could remain an undiscovered skeleton for half a century.

I was sitting down, waiting for my dog to bring some ewes down a fan of scree when I saw

four figures in the far distance. They were toiling up a steep pitch flanking the eastern fringe of the moss. One of them was old Ben. There was no mistaking the whiteness of his hair and his rolling walk. The figure next to him was wearing a dark town suit. With a shock, I saw it was Joslin, the Excise man. The other two would be his assistants.

There was only one explanation. Ben Scarth had turned informer. At some time or other the old man must have found out where Tryson kept his still, and now, for the sake of a few pounds, he was informing.

I was fairly raging. Through all these years I had known Ben as a quiet sort who could give a skilled hand to any job in fell-farming, and beyond that we had reckoned him as on the simple side. Simple? In my disgust I could have spat.

I watched them plugging away up that slope. For Joslin and the other two it must have been a hard strain on their town legs and lungs. I saw them crawling over the top of the ridge, and then veering off westwards, picking their way down a descent of scree. That puzzled me. They were heading for the moss—but why, in that case, had old Ben dragged them up all those extra hundreds of feet, only to come down again? Did he know that Tryson was up here, busy with his still, and was he aiming at approaching under cover, so that Joslin could catch him red-handed?

Next, they were plunging across the moss itself, floundering in the soft stuff! The shoes and trousers of Joslin and his men would be horribly gummed-up before they were finished.

Out towards the sea, wisps of cloud were weaving into a smeary tapestry. Soon a misty drizzle was covering the fells and blotting out the four figures. I completed my gather, and

descended behind the bobbing sheep, worried and angry. I liked Tryson, and this was going to be a serious business. Whether or not they found him at his still, he was certain to be convicted, for if old Ben could be such a Judas as to give part of the game away, he was more than likely to go the whole hog.

DURING the following hours I expected the bad news to break along the dale, carried by our bush telegraph. Hearing nothing, I went down to the Fox that evening, almost afraid to go inside. I was dumbfounded to find old Ben squatting in his usual seat, and Tryson leaning with his elbows on the counter, smiling.

I looked from one to the other. I jerked my hand in the direction of Birker Moor, and said to Ben in a hard, meaning voice: "I saw you up yonder this morning."

"Ay."

"That chap Joslin was with you, and two others."

"Ay."

"Led 'em a fair dance, he did," said Tryson. "Fairly jiggered 'em." He was grinning away at Ben, and I gaped at the pair of them.

"Look here!" I said. "You've got me flummoxed."

Tryson chuckled. "Like them Excise chaps. Tell him, Ben."

The old chap said gently: "The still belongs to me. Joe here buys some o' the stuff."

"Belongs to you! But you led them to it!"

Ben nodded. "I couldn't tell them who owned the still. I only knew it was there. I got the money for the information."

"But—"

"'Twas almost wore out," the old man said, and his smile was child-like. "I needed the money towards getting a new 'un." THE END

Fanfares for the Golden Boy

by JOAN POWE

One tune accidentally put Eddie Calvert on top of the musical world. Now a flair for blowing his own trumpet keeps him there



One of Calvert's latest recordings is the music which he played for the soundtrack of the film *John And Julie*. Since his success with "Oh Mein Papa," Calvert has used a gold-plated trumpet



THE MANAGER of a charter plane service outside Blackpool received a telephone call from the theatre where the show *Off The Record* was playing one day last September. The star of the show, a trumpeter named Eddie Calvert, wanted a plane to fly him to an engagement in St. Helens, Lancashire, thirty miles away.

Special permission was obtained to land at Haydock Park race course, three miles east of St. Helens, but after the aircraft had circled for some time, the pilot lost his bearings and made a forced landing in a farmyard. The farmer told them where they were, but refused to help. Calvert, plump, well-groomed and in full evening dress, had to push the plane through mud to get it into a position for a take-off.

Calvert's agent, David Forrester, was not surprised at the transport bill. "While Eddie can do things in a big way, he's happy," he says.

Crash Had Publicity Value

Calvert's fondness for the rôle of Golden Boy is well known among his friends. Quick to assess the publicity value of the forced landing, he gave statements to newspaper men as soon as he arrived at St. Helens. Later, when he strolled into his dressing-room at the Blackpool theatre, he found members of the cast for the evening's performance very worried. "As no one knew Eddie was travelling by plane that day, the headlines about his accident almost stopped the show," his wife, Josephine, says. A clause in his contract now prevents him from flying during tours.

A short, bouncy jazz enthusiast of thirty-three, Calvert is billed as the "Man with the Golden Trumpet." His earnings, the highest of any trumpeter in Britain, average £1,000 a week on tours. Last year, world sales of his record "Oh Mein Papa" reached the three million mark, earned him £30,000 for one hour's work at the recording session, and made him the first British instrumentalist to sell a million copies of a record in the United States.

Now his records sell in the United States, Canada, Africa and other countries. In America recently he was offered £3,500 for a three-minute television appearance.

"There are other trumpeters who can come close to Calvert for virtuosity, but they lack his flair for capitalizing his talents," says Nat Jackley, who toured with him for six months in *Off The Record*. "Eddie is a born showman, with a north countryman's shrewd eye for the big opportunity."

Other Side Was The Hit

Calvert was earning £50 a week at nightclubs and had made eight recordings for Columbia when, in August, 1953, he heard a German song, "Oh Mein Papa" on his car radio in *Two-Way Family Favourites*. At his next record conference he suggested the number as a backing for a trumpet solo, "Mystery Street," which he thought might be a hit.

"The music was not obtainable in England," says Forrester, "so Eddie badgered the orchestra leader, Norrie Paramor, into getting a copy from Europe through his Viennese maid."

The words were in German, which Calvert did not understand. Convinced that it must be a nostalgic number he told Paramor that he would give it the "father" treatment. Paramor, worried at omissions of parts of the original score, complained that Calvert was oversimplifying it in his trumpet solo.

After the recording session, Calvert went home jubilant to his five-guinea-a-week flat in Charing Cross Road, London. "The Golden Boy's arrived. We're going to be rich," he told

As soon as he started to receive the royalties for his first hit, Calvert and his wife bought a house for £7,000. Their dog is named Gabriel



Singer Monty Norman, comedian Harry Secombe and Frances Day with Calvert at Lime Grove TV studios. Even as a child he faced audiences confidently



With his secretary and actor Terence Morgan, Calvert listens to one of his records. Morgan is a vice-president of Calvert's fan club

his wife, the former cinema cashier whom he married in 1945.

"Though I didn't believe him at the time," says Josephine Calvert, who is now his business manager, "Eddie was right."

But it wasn't "Mystery Street" that brought Calvert musical stardom. "Oh Mein Papa" won a place in the top ten hit tunes in America at the end of 1953 and won him a Gold Disc, the award for any artist who sells a million copies of one record. Then it rose to the top of the British hit parade.

Though he was warned that British instrumentalists are considered colourless by the Americans, Calvert flew to the United States in March, 1954, for the presentation of the Gold Disc at the Chicago gathering of the Music Operators of America. For ten days he promoted the Golden Boy title. Baffled by the casualness of the announcer who interviewed him on a Chicago radio programme, he took off his shoes to demonstrate that his feet hurt, could not get them on again, and put them up for auction. The audience bid hundreds of dollars for them.

"I got a nervous breakdown from the pace of the tour, but I had no shortage of publicity," he told a friend afterwards.

The son of a Preston, Lancashire, shoemaker, Calvert is confident and self-assured on stage. He likes to explain his numbers in a homespun Lancashire accent before launching into trumpet solos. It takes an audience to draw him out.

This year, at a midnight matinee charity show for crippled children at Stockport, Calvert completed his scheduled sixteen-minute appearance to thunderous applause from the audience, and, without consulting the organizers, launched into a run of extra numbers.

In the wings other artists complained that encores were not allowed. Forrester signalled to him to come off. "But it is no use trying to stop Eddie when he is carried away with his music," he says. "He loses all sense of time." After twenty-eight minutes, Calvert's pianist, Ken Wheeley, joined him at the microphone and whispered that he had overrun the programme by twelve minutes. Calvert left the stage. Later, when he found that he had not played "Oh Mein Papa," he begged to be allowed to go on again.

"At twenty minutes to three, with the show

running well over time, he was trying to get a chance to play 'Papa,'" says Forrester.

Calvert is a food faddist. He does not eat potatoes, bread or starchy food, and checks his weight daily to keep it at eleven stone seven pounds. His meals are based on an athlete's diet of steaks, lean meat and proteins.

He is convinced that dieting gives him stamina for the trumpet-playing technique he used in "Papa." "I play strictly corn, with a touch of the Salvation Army band on a Sunday morning," he says. "I need energy to keep it up."

Since his success with "Papa," Calvert has used only an eighteen-carat gold-plated trumpet valued at £350.

Everything Is Brand New

He rarely relaxes for long. As soon as he received the first royalties from "Oh Mein Papa," Calvert began negotiations to buy a house in a fashionable part of London. "We had always complained that the five-guinea flat was too expensive," recalls Josephine Calvert. "But the house cost £7,000." Calvert insisted that everything in it should be brand new. He took an interior decorator's advice on contemporary furnishings and installed a modern cocktail cabinet and radiogram. A special case with a glass front holds the Gold Disc. Another holds a Golden Trumpeter mascot.

Variety tours, film projects and recordings are only part of his plan to keep his name in front of the public. His own composition, "My Son, My Son," recorded shortly after "Papa," has sold more than a hundred thousand copies.

Recently he became managing director of a £2,500 music publishing company being formed to promote his own compositions. In April he opened the Golden Trumpet fan club in a suite of offices in Pall Mall.

Calvert was taught to play the trumpet when he was seven by his father, an amateur musician, and won his first contest a year later. Later, he stood on a soap box to practise with his father's friends. "He never had doubts, even then, of his ability to hold an audience," says a childhood friend.

At fourteen he joined the army and became a member of the regimental band. Invalided

out in 1942 as the result of a motor cycle accident, he borrowed £15 from his father and got his first job in a Manchester band at £5 10s. a week. After playing for four years in London bands, among them Gerald's, he started his own rhumba band in 1947 and had engagements at night clubs, restaurants and with the B.B.C.

"I had the same style of playing then as I have now," he says. "It just needed time for it to be discovered. I had been trying to launch the Golden Trumpeter title B.P. (Before Papa)."

At a ball in Manchester recently, Calvert sat restlessly at a table with a party of guests while Joe Loss's band played for dancers. Picking up his gold-plated trumpet, he signalled to Loss that he wanted to give an impromptu solo.

Loss allowed him to take the place of his regular trumpeter, and finally left the bandstand altogether. "It was the only way of bringing Eddie back to earth," says Dave Forrester. "He had played for almost an hour and the band had stopped working."

Calvert knows that a lot of his actions are interpreted as stunts. At Blackpool last year he was having supper with Nat Jackley and his wife, Marianne Lincoln, at a night club, when a stranger walked over to their table and began criticizing the show. After Jackley spent some time trying to humour him, the man began to criticize Calvert, who punched him on the nose.

Public Expect Big Spending

"I had no wish to get publicity on that occasion," he says. "It was a simple reflex action."

Josephine Calvert sometimes finds it hard to curb Calvert's enthusiasm for self-advertisement. When he decided on a Mediterranean cruise after his cinema tours this year, she booked berths costing £120 under another name so that he would be free of autograph hunters.

Earlier, Calvert had complained of nervous exhaustion from the pace of his provincial tours. Now he was astonished over the bookings.

"Get the best you can, and see that they are in the name of the Golden Boy. Even a cruise has publicity value in this business. People know my income so they expect big spending."

"The new berths," says Josephine Calvert, "cost five hundred pounds."

THE END

THE SEARCHERS

by ALAN LE MAY

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

They had sought Debbie for six weary years.
Now they had found her. And she hated them

AT LAST, after six years, Martin Pauley and Amos Edwards had found the elusive Chief Scar! Mart felt his scalp stir as they followed the impassive Indian into his lodge. . . .

Six years before, in 1869, a Comanche war party had swooped on the Texas farm of Henry Edwards—the only home that Mart, an orphan, had known. The Indians had massacred the family and taken captive his foster-sister, ten-year-old Debbie Edwards. Since that day, Mart and Amos, Debbie's uncle, had sought her unrelentingly.

Their search had become an epic of courage, but it had set them apart from their people. It had cost Mart his girl, Laurie Mathison. . . . And it had put them outside the law. A trader, Jerem Futterman—from whom they had learned that Debbie was in the hands of Chief Scar—had tried to rob them: in self-defence Amos had shot him.

One of Laurie Mathison's suitors, a Texas Ranger named Charlie MacCorry, had tried to arrest them for the shooting, but they had escaped before he could bring them in. They had one last lead that they wanted to follow. . . .

And it had been the right lead, Mart thought, standing now in Chief Scar's lodge. Was it possible that this could be the end of their search? That Debbie was here alive? Then he thought of the Federal cavalry and the Rangers, making a final assault on the Indian tribes. They were only a day's march away, even now preparing to strike at Scar's village. Mart and Amos had no time for a long parley.

Amos was talking to the chief in sign language and Mart's glance flickered to the younger squaws on the women's side of the lodge.

He saw her then. In the uncertain light a black headcloth had made her look black-haired like the others. But the eyes fixed on him, in a strangely cold stare, were green and slanted. Mart knew that this girl was Debbie.

FINAL INSTALMENT

"He Has To Kill Us, Mart"

THE green eyes dropped as Scar turned towards the strangers again, and Mart's own eyes were straight ahead when the Comanche chief looked towards them.

"Where are the rifles?" Scar's question came at last.

"Beyond the Staked Plains," Amos answered him. "Trading must be there."

Another wait.

"I speak no more now," Amos said, using his voice for the second time. His Comanche phrasings were slow and awkward but easily understood. "Below this village is a spring. I

camp there, close by the Wild Dog River. Tomorrow, if you wish to talk more, find me there. I sleep one night, wait one day. Then I go." He turned and, without concession to courtesy, motioned. Mart followed him out.

Mart's spine tingled as they rode out of the village with the cur dogs snapping all around them. But until they were out of there they had to move unhurriedly, as if at peace and expecting peace.

Amos spoke first, well past the last of the lodges. "Did you see her? . . . Yeah," he answered himself, "I see you did."

"She's alive!" Mart said. It seemed the only thing his mind was able to think. "Can you realize it? Can you believe it? We found her, Amos!"

"Better figure how to stay alive yourself, or finding her won't do anybody much good."

That was what was taking all the glory, all the exultation, out of their victory. They had walked into a hundred camps where they could have handled this situation, dangerous though it must always be. White captives had been bought and sold before, time and again. Any Indian on earth but Scar would have concealed the girl, and played for time, until they found a way to deal.

"How in God's name," Mart said, "can this thing be? How could he let us walk into the lodge where she was? And keep her there before our eyes?"

"He meant for us to see her, that's all!"

"This is a strange Comanche," Mart said.

"This whole hunt has been a strange thing. And now we know why. Mart, did you see—there's scarce a Comanch' in that whole village we haven't seen before."

"I know."

"We've even stood in that same one lodge before. Do you know where?"

"When we talked to Singing Dog on the Little Doggy."

"That's right. We talked to Singing Dog in Scar's own lodge—while Scar took the girl and hid out. That's how they've kept us on a wildgoose chase six years long. They've covered up for him every time we come near."

"We've caught up to him now!"

"Because he let us. Scar's learned something few Indians ever knew. He's learned there's such a thing as a critter that never quits follering or gives up. So he's had enough. If we stood in the same lodge with her, and didn't know her, well and good. But if we were going to find her, he wanted to see us do it."

"So he saw—I suppose."

"I think so. He has to kill us, Mart."

"Bluebonnet didn't think he had to kill us."

"He never owned to having a white girl until Jaime Rosas made him a safe deal. And down



With a tremendous effort, Martin fl

there we was two men alone. Up here, we got Rangers, we got yellowlegs, to pull down on Scar. Scar don't dare let us ride loose with the word."

"Why'd he let us walk out of there at all?"

"I don't know," Amos said honestly. "Something tied his hands, but I don't know what it was."

He bent low over the horn to look back at the village under his arm. "They're holding fast so far. Might even let us make a pass at settling down at the spring. . . ."

But neither believed the Comanches would wait for night.

They reached the spring without sign of pursuit. Then they dismounted and set to work on the one thin ruse they could think of. Mart kicked a fire together first—about the least token of a fire that would pass for one at all—and set



g himself forward. But Debbie was too quick for him. She cried out in Comanche as she dodged him: then she was away into the brush

it alight. Then they stripped saddles and packs. They would have to abandon these, to look as though they were not going any place. Bridles were left on the horses, halters on the mules.

"We'll lead out," Amos said, "like hunting for the best grass. Try to get as much more lead as we can without stirring 'em up. First minute any leave the village, we'll ease over a ridge, mount bareback. Split up, and ride two ways."

"We'll put up a better fight if we stay together," Mart objected.

HE stared at Amos. Amos said: "Yeah. We'd kill more Indians that way. But a whole lot more than that will be killed if one of us stays alive until dark—and makes Camp Radziminski."

Mart didn't take his eyes off him.

"Wait a minute," Mart said. "If we lead the

yellowlegs on 'em, there'll be a massacre, Amos. This village will be gutted out."

"Yes," Amos said.

"They'll kill her—you know that!"

"If I didn't think so," Amos said, "I'd have killed her myself."

There was the substance of their victory after all this long time. One bitter taste of death, and then nothing more, for ever.

"I won't do this," Mart said.

"What?"

"She's alive. That means everything to me. Better she's alive and living with Indians than her brains bashed out."

Amos got control of his voice: "What do you want to do?"

"First, we got to live out the night. That I know and agree to. Beyond that, I don't know. But we stay together. Because I'm not running

to the troops or to the Rangers, Amos, and neither are you."

Amos's voice was half choked by the congestion of blood in his neck. "You think the likes of you could stop me?"

Mart pulled out the paper on which was the will wherein Amos left Mart all he had. He tore it slowly into shreds, and laid them on the fire. "Yes," he said, "I'll stop you."

FOR a long time, Amos was silent. He stood with his shoulders slack, and his big hands loose by his thighs, and he stared into space. When finally he spoke his voice was tired. "All right. We'll stay together through the night. After that, we'll see. I can't promise no more."

"That's better. Now let's get at it!"

"I'm going to tell you something," Amos

Continued on page 26

Fred Salmon welcomes the flying animals

by DAVID MILLWOOD

Few of the travellers who visit the animals hostel enjoy their journeys. But from penguins to panthers they get the best of everything at London Airport

LATE ONE NIGHT last April, Fred Salmon, manager of the Animals Air Hostel at London Airport, was asleep in his bungalow. It had been a busy day. Eight hundred rhesus monkeys, a bad-tempered tigress, two hives of bees, four pythons, 350 brightly coloured Indian birds, two penguins, a racehorse and a film star's French poodle—all had been fed and made comfortable for the night.

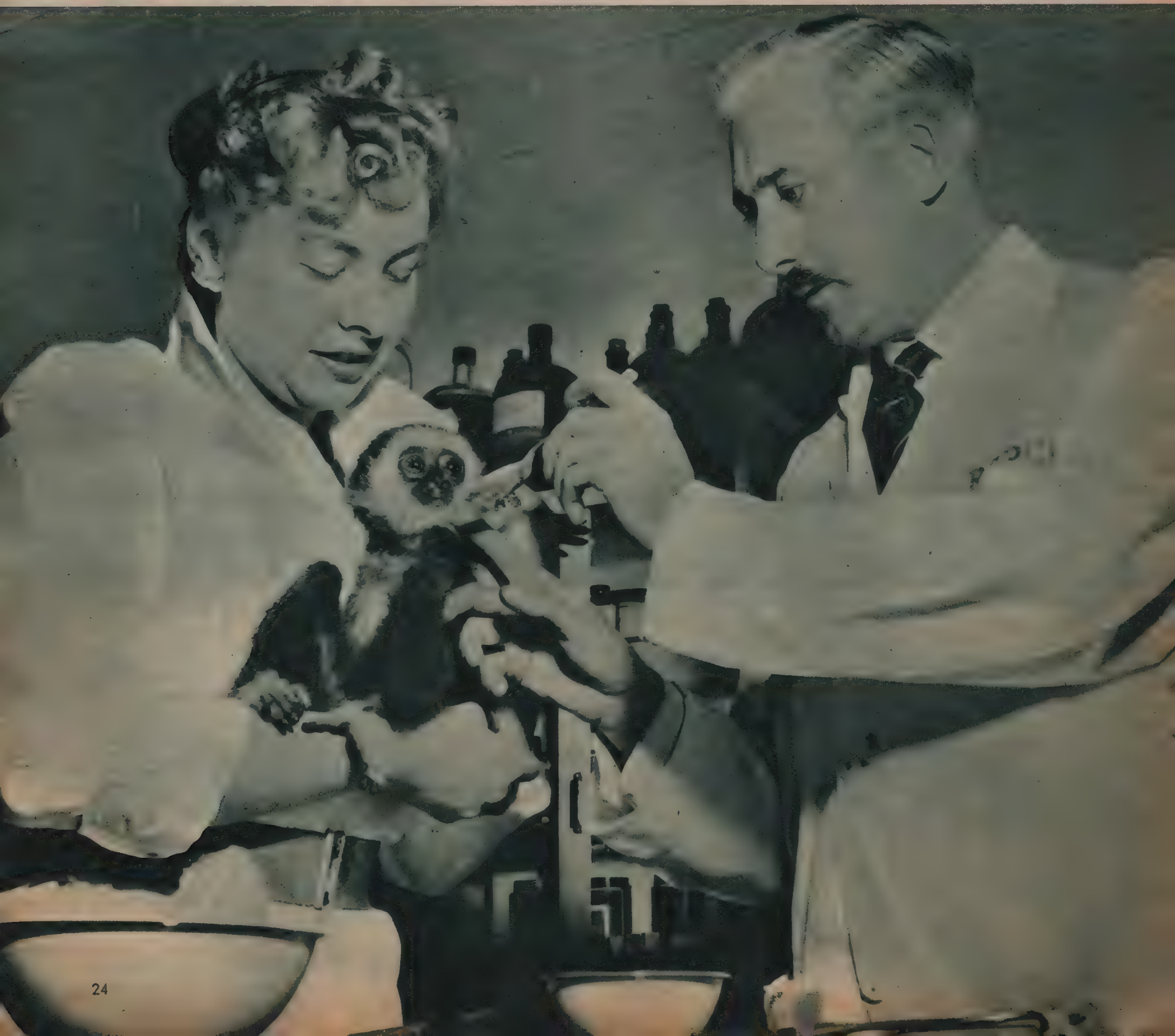
Then the phone rang. Five thousand valuable tropical fish, en route from the U.S.A. to the Continent, had just arrived at the airport in water-filled plastic bags. They needed immediate attention.

While the fish were being rushed over from the freight sheds, Fred Salmon dressed hurriedly. Ten minutes later he was examining them in the hostel surgery adjoining his bungalow. The water in the plastic bags was cold; all the fish looked limp and lifeless.

Salmon decided to try first aid. The problem was to heat the water so gradually that the

An animals hostel assistant, Norma Check, holds a gibbon for Salmon to spoon feed. Sick visitors usually have pneumonia and other chest troubles

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY



increase in temperature would not harm the fish. His solution was to use two large troughs of water and increase the temperature by adding warm water a little at a time.

For four hours Salmon and two assistants gently dipped and swirled the plastic bags in the troughs. Some of the fish began to revive. By the time the temperature reached the seventies, half were swimming again. Salmon then gave each bag of fish a "boost" of oxygen and returned them to the airline in time for the first daylight flight to the Continent, with special instructions to keep them warm on the remainder of their journey. He estimates that he saved the owners about £500. "Without treatment, all the fish would have died."

Salmon, who with two women and five men assistants runs the hostel for the R.S.P.C.A., caters every month for up to fifty thousand creatures which would otherwise be left in freight sheds on the airport. He makes a small charge for food, which is paid by the airlines, but board and first aid are free. His boarders are mainly short-term visitors in transit who arrive, with little or no notice, at all hours of the day and night. They include all types of animals, birds, fish and reptiles.

Thousands Die Every Year

One of his first charges was a black panther owned by Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, which was on its way from Hollywood to Africa in answer to a summons from a film director. Another was an ostrich, which had arrived for an English zoo, suffering from pneumonia. Salmon placed the bird in a room heated to seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit and gave it injections of penicillin.

Although the hostel helps to reduce suffering and discomfort, thousands of birds and animals in transit by air die every year before reaching their destinations. The principal reasons, says Salmon, are faulty crating and failure to give the airlines adequate instructions about feeding and watering. Among recent consignments of monkeys from India he found that a number had starved to death within a few inches of their food. Their feet had caught between wooden slats at the bottom of their cages.

As a result of the publicity given to the case of the 394 monkeys suffocated in a van at London Airport a few months ago, Salmon was besieged by letters and phone calls from all over the country. One woman phoned repeatedly to shout "Monkey murderer!"—then rang off. "I had no opportunity to explain to her, as I did to others, that the monkeys were not in our care."

First aid, and in some cases major surgical operations, are part of the hostel's service. Air-sickness, which mainly affects domestic animals, is infrequent; most of the animal patients Salmon deals with suffer from pneumonia and other chest troubles. Bulldogs are notoriously bad air travellers—some airlines refuse to carry them—and after an experience last summer Salmon strongly advises owners of all pug-nosed dogs who travel with their pets to go by sea.

Bulldogs Prefer Sea Trips

A large bulldog arrived after only a short journey suffering from acute asphyxia. While one of his staff sponged its body with cold water, Salmon gave it oxygen. After an hour's treatment, the dog recovered. But next day another bulldog in a similar condition failed to respond to the same treatment and died.

A brisk, businesslike Yorkshireman of thirty-five, Salmon gained most of his experience of animals in zoos and circuses.

Part of his job is to advise on how to crate and feed livestock for air travel: he deals every day with inquiries from all parts of the world.

A few inquiries come from private people, whom Salmon is pleased to advise. One woman in Preston, Lancashire, however, wanted more than advice. She had bought a Canadian skunk

as a house pet and wanted Salmon to meet it at London Airport, put it on a train to Lancashire, and arrange for the local R.S.P.C.A. inspector to deliver it. "You will have no trouble," she wrote. "It has been deodorized." Salmon wrote back regretting that he could not oblige.

Although disapproving of the heavy traffic in animals—one in every three of B.O.A.C.'s passengers is an animal, bird or reptile—the R.S.P.C.A. spent £22,000 on building the hostel at London Airport, and it costs a further £5,500 a year to run.

Can't Stop Trade By Air

"We realized," says an official, "that although we couldn't stop this trade or prevent wild animals being taken from their homes, we could at least do something to alleviate the suffering involved."

Almost exactly a million animals have passed through the hostel since it was opened in October, 1952. It stands at the north-west corner of the airport and covers about an acre. There are separate living blocks and paddocks, a quarantine paddock for canines and felines with large runs, each enclosed by high, double-wire fencing; a fully equipped pharmacy and operating theatre; a kitchen with a deep-freeze refrigerator; a food store containing all kinds of seeds and grain; and a special air temperature unit which provides, at the same time, a cold room for penguins or polar bears and a tropical atmosphere for ostriches or pythons.

Although strictly concerned only with animals travelling by air, Salmon often takes in local casualties. He spent the night of last Easter Sunday assisting at an operation on a coster's horse which had been hit head-on by a car. Every week or so he gets a call to a nearby river, which is polluted with oil, to help swans in distress. He grabs each bird by the neck, bundles it into a sack and drives his squawking patients back to the hostel in an animal ambulance. After giving them a wash and brush up, he returns them to the river.

Bitten By Visiting Python

Apart from a few minor scratches, Salmon himself has escaped injury in handling his boarders. Others have not been so fortunate. His assistant manager, Neville Whittaker, a former keeper at Blackpool Zoo, was recently rushed to hospital after being bitten by a python.

To overcome the difficulties of giving medical treatment to large carnivores such as lions and tigers, Salmon devised a cage with a false back which can be operated from outside to push the animal against the bars at the front of the cage. To make sea-lions, penguins and polar bears feel at home he rigged up a simple shower bath from a hosepipe and the rose from a watering-can. He used the shower one hot day last summer for three large frogs from South Africa which stayed overnight at the hostel. They were on their way to compete in a frog-jumping contest in the United States.

As a rule, large or ferocious animals cause Salmon and his staff no concern. "It's the people who give us elaborate instructions about feeding and exercising their pets that are troublesome," he says. An American woman who gave Salmon her pug for overnight kenneling left him with a typed list of instructions and a request to feed the dog on nothing but tinned fruit.

"I was convinced she was crazy, and ignored her," Salmon says. "But when I gave the dog a normal meal of cooked meat and biscuits it refused to touch it. I tried boiled fish, milk and several other things dogs are supposed to eat. It refused them all."

"Finally, after making sure none of my staff was watching, I opened a tin of fruit salad the woman had left with me. Immediately, the dog's tail began to wag. Before I could turn round it had wiped the plate clean. It seemed perfectly fit—and yet it had lived on the same diet for years."

THE END



Salmon (centre) watches monkeys being unloaded from a lorry. In consignments from India, some starved because their feet caught in the cages



Outside London Airport's hostel, Salmon and his son, Robert, play with their own pet. One dog that stayed a night would only eat fruit salad

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THE SEARCHERS

Continued from page 23

said. "I wasn't going to speak of it. But if we fight, you got to murder all of 'em you can. So I'll tell you. Did you notice them scalps strung on Scar's lance? There was one with long wavy hair, a red shine to it."

"I saw it."

"You didn't remember it. But I remember." Amos's voice was harsh, and his eyes bored into Mart's eyes, as if to drive the words into his brain. "That was your mother's scalp!"

No reason for Mart to doubt him. His mother's scalp was somewhere in a Comanche lodge, if a living Indian possessed it. He stood there, staring at Amos, sickness in his stomach.

"Let's lead off," Amos said at last.

But before they had gone a rod, the unexpected stopped them. A figure slipped out of the willows by the river, and a voice spoke. Debbie was there—alone, so far as they could see. She had materialized as an Indian does, without telltale sound of approach.

She moved a few halting steps out of the willow scrub, but stopped as Mart came towards her. He walked carefully, watchful for movement in the thicket around her. Behind him he heard a metallic crash as Amos chambered a cartridge. Amos had sprung on to a hummock, exposing himself recklessly while his eyes swept the terrain.

MART was at four paces when Debbie spoke, urgently, in Comanche. "Don't come too close. Don't touch me! I have warriors with me."

He had remembered the voice of a child, but what he was hearing was the soft, husky voice of a grown woman. Her Comanche was fluent, indistinguishable from that of the Indians. He stopped six feet from her; one more inch, he felt, and she would have bolted. "Where are they, then?" he demanded. "Let 'em stand up and be counted, if they're not afraid."

She stared at him with blank eyes. He realized that he had spoken in English—and that she no longer understood. The lost years had left an invisible mutilation as definite as if fingers were missing from her hand. "How many warriors?" he asked in gruff Comanche.

"Four men are with me."

His eyes jumped then, and swept wide, and though he saw nothing at all, he knew she might be telling the truth. If she had not come alone, he had to find out what was happening here, and quick. Their lives might easily depend upon their next guess. "What are you doing here?" he asked harshly.

He heard a wary hesitancy, a testing of words before they were spoken. "My father—told me—come."

"Your what?"

"Yellow Buckle is my father."

While he stared at her, sure he must have misunderstood, Amos put in. "Keep at her! Scar sent her all right. We got to know why."

Watching her, Mart was sure Debbie had not understood the English. She tried to hurry her stumbling tale. "My father—he believes you. But some others—they know. They tell him—you were my people once."

"What did you tell him?"

"I tell him I don't know. I must come here. Make sure. I tell him I must come."

"You told him nothing like that," he contradicted her. "He smash your mouth if you say 'must' to him!"

He had an exasperated impulse to grab her and shake her; but he saw her body tense. If he made a move towards her, she would be gone in the same instant. "Debbie, listen to me! I'm Mart! Don't you remember me?" He spoke just the names in English, and it was obvious that these two words were familiar to her.

"I remember you," she said gravely, slowly, across the gulf between them. "I remember. From always."

"Then stop lying to me! You got Comanches with you—so you say. What do you want here if you're not alone?"

"I come to tell you, go away! Go

tonight. As soon as dark. They can stop you. They can kill you. But this one night—I make him let you go."

"Make him?" He was so furious that he stammered. "You make him? No squaw alive can move Scar a hand span—you least of all!"

"I can," she said evenly, meeting his eyes. "I am—bought. I am bought for—to be—for marriage. My—man—he pays sixty ponies. Nobody ever paid so much. I'm worth sixty ponies."

"Sixty ponies!" he said. "We'll pay a hundred for you—a hundred and a half—you own five times that many ponies yourself—you know that? We can bring them—many as he wants—and enough cattle to feed the whole tribes from here to—"

"My man would fight. His people would fight. They are very many. Scar would lose—lose everything."

Comanche thoughts, Comanche words—a white woman's voice and form. . . . The meeting toward which Mart had worked for years had turned into a nightmare. Her face was Debbie's face, but all expression was locked away from it. She held it wooden, facing him impassively, as an Indian faces a stranger. Behind the surface of this long-loved face was a Comanche squaw.

He spoke savagely. "Nothing you can do would turn Scar!"

"I can kill myself," she said.

In the moment of silence, Amos spoke again. "String it out. No move from the village yet. Every minute helps."

Mart looked into the hard green eyes that should have been lovely and dear to him; and he believed her. She was capable of killing herself. And Scar must know that. Was this the mysterious thing that had tied Scar's hands when he let them walk away? An accident to a sold but undelivered squaw could cost Scar more than sixty ponies. It could cost him his chiefship, perhaps his life.

"You must get away from here," she said monotonously. "You must go away quick. Soon he will know. You will be killed—"

"You bet I'm getting out of here," he said, breaking into English. "And I got no notion of getting killed, neither! Amos! Grab hold that black mule! She's got to ride that!"

He heard leather creak as Amos swung up a saddle. No chance of deception now, from here on; they had to take her and run.

Debbie said: "What—?"

He returned to Comanche. "You're going with us now! You hear me?"

"No," Debbie said. "Not now. Not ever."

"I don't know what they have done to you. But it makes no difference!" He wouldn't have wasted time fumbling Comanche words if he had seen half a chance of taking her by force. "You must come. I take you to—"

"They have done nothing to me. They take care of me. These are my people."

"Debbie, Debbie—these—these men murdered our family!"

"You lie." A flash of heat-lightning in her eyes let him see an underlying hatred, unexpected and dreadful.

HE told her, "These are the ones! They killed your mother, killed your own real father, killed Hunter, killed Ben—"

"Wichitas killed them! Wichitas and white men! To steal cows—"

"What?"

"These people saved me. They drove off the whites and the Wichitas. I ran in the brush. Scar picked me up on his pony. They have told me it all many times!" He was blanked again, helpless against lies drilled into her over the years.

Amos had both saddles cinched up. "Watch your chance," he said. "You know now what we got to do."

Debbie's eyes went to Amos in quick suspicion, but Mart was still trying. "Lucy was with you. You know what happened to her!"

"Lucy went mad. You lie to us about everything. All white men lie. Always."

"Listen! Listen to me! I saw my



"They didn't have blackberry jam. All right to get blackcurrant?"

own mother's scalp on Scar's lance—there in the lodge where you live!"

"Lies," she said, and looked at him sullenly, untouched.

Mart changed his tone. "I've got your locket," he said gently. "Do you remember it—your little locket? Do you remember giving it to me? So long ago. . ."

Her eyes faltered for the first time; and for a moment he saw in this alien woman the little girl of the miniature.

"At first—I prayed to you."

"You what?" he said.

"At first—I cried. Every night. For a long time. I cried to you—come and get me. Take me home. You didn't come." Her voice was dead, all feeling washed out of it.

"I've come now," he said.

She shook her head. "These are my people. We hate you—fight you—always, till we die."

Amos said sharply: "They're mounting up now, up there. We got to go." He came over to them in long quick strides, and spoke to Debbie. "You know Yellow Buckle thing?" he demanded, backing his words with signs. "Buckle—Scar wear?"

"The medicine buckle," she said.

"Get your hands on it. Turn it over. Can you still read? On the back it says white man's words, 'Ethan to Judith.' Scratched in the gold. Because Scar tore it off Mart's mother when he killed and scalped her!"

"Lies," Debbie repeated.

"Look and see for yourself!"

Amos had been trying to work round Debbie, to cut her off from the willows and the river, but she was watching, moving enough to keep clear. "I go back now," she said. "To my father's lodge. I can do nothing here."

Her movements brought her no closer to Mart, but suddenly his nostrils caught her distinct, unmistakable Indian odour, alive, immediate.

Amos brought him out of it. "Watch her, Mart! If she breaks, knock her on the head."

Just then, the girl slipped sideways. Martin swayed forward, then lunged to grab her.

She wasn't there. She cried out a

brief phrase in Comanche as she dodged him, then was into the brush, running like a fox. "Git down!" Amos yelled, and fired his rifle from belt level, though not at her; while simultaneously another rifle fired through the space in which Debbie had stood. Its bullet whipped past Mart's ear.

He flung himself to the ground. Dirt jumped in his face, and a ricochet yowled over. He swivelled on his belt buckle, and snap-fired at a wisp of gun-smoke sixty yards away in the brush. He saw a rifle fall and slide clear of the cover.

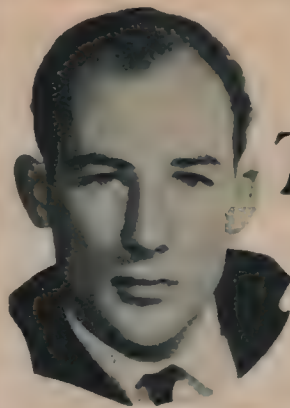
Amos was standing straight up, trading shots with a third sniper. "Got him," he said, and instantly spun half around, his right leg knocked from under him. A Comanche sprang from an invisible depression less than thirty yards away, and rushed with drawn knife. Mart fired, and the Indian's legs pumped grotesquely as he fell. All guns were silent then; and Mart went to Amos.

"Go on, damn it!" Blood pumped in spurts from a wound just above Amos's knee. "Ride, you fool! They're coming down on us!"

The deep thrumming of hoofs came to them plainly from about a quarter of a mile away. Mart sliced off a pack strap and twisted it into a tourniquet. Amos cuffed him heavily alongside the head, pleading desperately. "For God's sake, Mart, will you ride? Go on! Go on!"

Mart took precious seconds more to make an excuse for a bandage. "Get up here!" he grunted, stubborn to the bitter last. He lifted Amos across his shoulders and heaved him bodily into the saddle. "Get your foot in the stirrup! Gimme that!" He took Amos's rifle, and slung it into the brush. "See can you tie yourself on with the saddle strings as we ride!"

He grabbed his own pony, and made a flying mount as both animals bolted. Sweat ran down Amos's face, but he rode straight up, his wounded leg dangling free. Mart leaned low on the neck, and his spurs raked deep. Both horses stretched their bellies low to the



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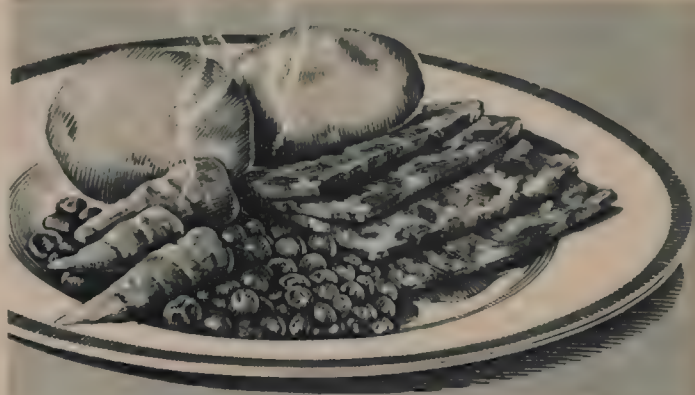
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ground, and dug out for their lives as the first bullets from the pursuit buzzed over.

The slow dusk was closing now. If they could have had another half hour, night would have covered them before they were overtaken.

They didn't have it. But now the Comanches did an unpredictable, Indian kind of thing. With their quarry in full view, certain to be flanked and forced to a stand within the mile, they stopped, bunched up, and sat their bareback ponies in a close mass, seemingly in argument.

Things like that had happened before that Mart knew about. Sometimes the Indians would fight a brilliant battle, and seem to be winning, then unexpectedly turn and run. If you asked them later why they ran, they would say they ran because they had fought enough. Pursued, they might turn abruptly and fight again as tenaciously as they did before—and explain they fought then because they had run enough.

This time they came on again after another twenty-five minutes; or, at least, a picked party of them did. Looking back as he topped a ridge, Mart saw a string of perhaps ten warriors, barely visible in the last of the light, coming on fast at three miles. He turned at a right-angle, covered by the ridge, and loped in the new direction for two miles more. The dusk had blackened to almost solid dark when he dismounted to see what he could do for Amos.

"Never try to guess an Indian," Amos said thickly, and slumped unconscious. He hung to the side of the horse by the saddle strings he had tied into his belt. Mart cut him loose from them.

Camp Radziminski was twenty miles away.

MART sprawled on a pile of sacked grain in Ranger Captain Sol Clinton's tent, and waited. With Amos safe under medical care, he saw a good chance to get some sleep, but a wakeful doze seemed to be the best he could make of it.

Camp Radziminski had been a cavalry outpost, briefly, long ago. In the deep grass you could still fall over the crumbling footings of mud-and-wattle walls, but the stockaded defences were long gone.

Here were a company of Rangers and a hundred and twenty cavalry men. There was also a large number of Tonkawa Indians, almost the last of their breed. These had now come to fight beside the Rangers in a last, expiring effort to win the goodwill of the white men who had conquered them.

As Mart had suspected, the army and the Rangers were not working together at all. Colonel Greenhill of the army had tried to assume command and had ordered the Rangers back where they belonged. He had been trying to get this done for several days.

In consequence, Mart found Ranger Captain Sol Clinton in no mood to discuss the murder charge hanging over Mart and Amos. From this standpoint, Clinton told Mart, he had been frankly hopeful of never seeing either one of them again. Seeing's they saw fit to thrust themselves upon him, he supposed he would have to do something technical about them later, but now he had other fish to fry—and, by heaven, they seemed to have brought him the skillet!

He took Mart to Colonel Greenhill who spent an hour questioning him and sent him to wait in Clinton's tent after. Sol Clinton had spoken with restraint while Mart was with them, but as Mart walked away he heard the opening guns of their argument begin to roar. They had been at it for a long time, and they were still at it, though with reduced carrying power.

Mart dozed a little, but was broad awake instantly as Sergeant Charlie MacCorry came in. Charlie seemed to have worked up to the position of right-hand man or something, for he had stood around while Captain Clinton first talked to Mart, and he had been in Colonel Greenhill's tent during Mart's session there as well.

His attitude toward Mart had seemed



"... Or then again, they're delicious baked in butter, with a squeeze of lemon and garnished with..."

noncommittal—neither friendly nor standoffish but quiet, rather, and abstracted. It seemed to Mart an odd and overkindly attitude for a Ranger sergeant to take toward a former prisoner who had slugged him down and got away.

Charlie paced the tent a few moments, two steps one way, two steps back, watching Mart covertly. Then he said: "Mart... I got a piece of news."

"Oh?"

"Me and Laurie—we got married. Just before I left."

Mart let his eyes drop while he thought it over. There had been a time, and it had gone on for years, when Laurie was always in his mind. He reached for memories that would bring back her meaning to him: Laurie in a pretty dress, with her shoulders bare; Laurie joking about her flour-sack all-overs that had once read "Steamboat Mills" across her little bottom; Laurie in his arms, promising to come to him in the night...

All that should have mattered to him, but he couldn't seem to feel it. The whole thing seemed empty, and dried out, without any real substance for him any more.

"Did you hear me?" Charlie asked.

"I married Laurie."

"Yeah. Good for you. Got yourself a great girl."

"No hard feelings?"

"No."

THEY shook hands briefly, as they always did; and Charlie changed the subject. "You sure fooled me, scouting up this attack on Scar. I'd have sworn that was the last thing you wanted, unless you'd got Debbie out of there first. Being's they're so liable to brain their captives when they're jumped. And you think they won't now?"

"Might not," Mart said dully. He stirred restlessly. "What's happened to them king-pins over there? They both died, or something?"

Sol Clinton came in just then. He looked angry, yet satisfied and triumphant all at once. "I had to put us under his command," the Ranger captain said, "but it won't matter once we're ahead. We're going to tie into 'em, boys!"

"The Tonks, too?"

"Tonkawas and all. Mart, you're on pay as civilian guide. Can you find

'em again in the dark? Can you, hell—you've got to! I want to hit before sunrise—leave Greenhill come up as he can. You going to get us there?"

"That I am," Mart said; and smiled for the first time that day.

Scouting ahead, Mart found Scar's village still where he had seen it last. He reconnoitred the place from a great way out, taking no chances. He galloped back, and met the fast-travelling Rangers less than an hour before dawn.

"We're coming in," he reported to Captain Clinton. "I should judge we're within twenty minutes' trot and ten minutes' walk. There you top a low hogback, looking across flat ground; and the village is in sight."

The captain halted his forty-two Rangers, passing the word back quietly along the loose column of twos. Behind them the sixty-odd Tonkawas pulled up at an orderly interval, riders even more quiet than the Rangers.

"Looks like we might get this thing cleaned up by breakfast," Clinton said, "unless something goes wrong." Before Colonel Greenhill comes up, he meant. "Of course, when's breakfast is largely up to Scar."

Charlie MacCorry came galloping up from the rear, where he had been riding tail. "Hey, they're on top of us!" he said.

"Who is?"

"The colonel and his yellowlegs! They're not more than seven minutes behind!"

Sol Clinton swore explosively. "Damn you, Charlie! If you've let—"

"Heck, Sol, we didn't hear a thing until the halt."

Clinton turned to Lieutenant Bart Lester. "Bart! Take the Tonks on forward, and quick! I'll be up in a couple of minutes!"

He had to send the Tonkawas on, so that his own men would be between them and the cavalry when they went into action. The cavalry couldn't be expected to tell one Indian from another in the heat of action. And the Tonks would race forward, anyway, pretty soon. No power on earth could hold those fools once the enemy was sighted.

"I got to send Greenhill some damn word," Clinton said. "Here, Mart! You go tell Greenhill where he's at."

"What when he asks where you are?"

"I'm up ahead. That's all. And if

he gives you orders for me, don't try to get loose without hearing 'em; he'll only send somebody else. But you can lose your way, can't you? You're the one found it!"

"Yes, sir," Mart said with mental reservations.

He galloped to the rear, past the Tonkawas, and saw that they were throwing aside their saddles and all gear but their weapons, and tying up the tails of their ponies. No war-paint had been seen on them until now, but as they stripped their shirts their torsos proved to be pre-painted with big circles and stripes of raw colours. Great, many-couped war bonnets were flowering among them. Each set off, bareback, as soon as he was ready, moving up at the lope; there would be no semblance of formation.

It was not long before Mart could hear the cavalry plainly. The noise they made came to him as a steady metallic whispering. Darkness still held as he reached them, and the order was given to halt as he came up.

He described the position of the enemy to Colonel Greenhill.

"Has Clinton halted?" Greenhill asked.

"Yes, sir." Well... he had.

"Then tell Captain Clinton I'll be up directly."

Mart started on, but made a U-turn, and loped to the rear. At the far end of the column stood four narrow-bowed covered wagons. Second wagon was the ambulance. Mart rode to the tail gate, stepped over it from the saddle, and struck a shielded match.

Amos lay heavily blanketed upon a narrow litter. He seemed to be asleep, but his eyes opened to the light of the match. "Mart? Where are we?"

"Pretty close on Scar's village. Sol sent the Tonks ahead to make a try at their horses, and took the Rangers on up. He wants to hit before Greenhill finds what he's up to. How you feel?"

Amos stared straight upwards. The question brought a glint of irony into his eyes, so that Mart was ashamed of having asked it.

"My stuff's rolled up down there by my feet," Amos said. "Get me my gun from it."

Mart brought Amos his six-gun, and his cartridge belt, and checked the loading. Amos lifted a shaking hand, and hid the gun under his blankets. Outside they heard the column preparing to move again.

"I got to get on up there," Mart groped for Amos's hand. He felt a tremor in its grip, but considerable strength.

SOL CLINTON's forty-two Rangers were dismounted behind the last ridge below Scar's village as Mart came up. They had plenty of light now—more than they wanted or intended. Captain Clinton lay on the crest of the ridge, studying the view without visible delight. Mart went up there, but Clinton turned on him before he got a look beyond.

"God damn you, Pauley, I—"

"Greenhill says, tell you he's coming," Mart got in hastily. "And that's all he says."

But Clinton was thinking about something else. "Take a look at this thing here!"

Mart crawled up beside Clinton, and got a shock. The fresh light of approaching sunrise showed Scar's village in clear detail, a scant mile from where they lay. Half the lodges were down, and between them swarmed great numbers of horses and people. The village was packing to march.

A hundred yards in front of the village, a few dozen mounted warriors had interposed themselves. They sat about in idle groups, blanket-wrapped upon their standing ponies, and more were riding out from the village. This was clearly the start of a battle build-up.

Clinton turned his head and glowered at Mart. "What the hell's the matter with you people?" he said. "Can't you count? That band will mount close to three hundred bucks!"

"I told you he might want this fight," Mart said. "So he's got himself reinforced, that's all."

A rise of dust beyond the village

Round and about with the 'little Red Vans'



IN PEACEFUL SUFFOLK: by Rowland Hilder, R.I.

They're not so silly in Suffolk

SILLY SUFFOLK! — how greatly the modern usage of words has libelled this grand county. 'Silly' once meant to be fortunate, to be blessed. And, in that sense, it is indeed Silly Suffolk. Fortunate in its sweeping, fertile lands, in its rambling old-world hamlets, and its gracious, prospering towns; blessed to breed a people of such kindly ways, of such quiet, persevering industry.

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showed where the Comanche horse herd had been put in motion. All animals not in use as travois horses or battle ponies were being driven upstream and away. But the movement was orderly. Where were the Tonkawas?

Clinton pulled back down the hill, moving slowly, to give himself time to think. "Mount up, boys," he ordered.

The Rangers mounted and drifted into line casually, but once they were formed the line was a good one. Mart placed himself near the middle of the line and watched Clinton stoically. He knew the Ranger would be justified in ordering a retreat.

Clinton stepped aboard his horse, looked up and down the line of Rangers, and addressed them conversationally. "Well, us boys was lucky again. For once we got enough Comanches to go around. Might run as high as a dozen apiece.

"I trust you boys will be glad to hear this is a fight, not a surprise. They're forming in front of the village, at about a mile.

"What I'd like to do is bust through their middle, and on into the village; give Greenhill a chance to hit 'em behind, as they turn after us. This is liable to be prevented. In which case we'll handle the situation after we see what it is."

Some of the youngsters—and most of the Rangers were young—must have been fretting over the time Clinton was taking. The cavalry would be up pretty quick, and Greenhill would take over; probably order a retirement, without a dead Comanche to show.

Clinton knew what he was doing, however. In broad daylight, lacking surprise, and with unexpected odds against him, he wanted the cavalry as close as it could get without telling him what to do. And he did not believe Greenhill would consider retreat for a second.

"In case you wonder what's become of them antic Tonks," Clinton said, "I don't know. And don't pay them Comanches no mind, neither—just keep your eye on me. I'm the hard case you're up against around here—not them childish savages. If you don't hear me first time I holler, you better by God read my mind—I don't aim to raise no two hollers on any one subject in hand."

CLINTON pretended to look them over, but actually he was listening. The line stood steady and perfectly straight; and now they heard the first faint, far-off rustle of the bell-metal scabbards as the cavalry came on.

Deliberately Sol got out a plug of tobacco, bit off a chew and rolled it into his cheek. "Leave us go among them," he said.

He wheeled his horse and moved up the slope at a walk. The first direct rays of the sun were striking across the rolling ground as they breasted the crest, bringing Scar's village into full view a mile away. A good two hundred mounted Comanches were now strung out in front of the village and more were coming in a stream.

The Rangers were at a thousand yards, and the stream of Comanches from the village had dwindled to a straggle. It was about time; their number was going to break three hundred easily. A line was forming in a practised manner, without confusion. It looked about a mile long, but it wasn't; it wouldn't be much longer than a quarter of a mile if the Comanches rode knee to knee. Still, Mart expected a quarter mile of Comanches to be enough for forty-two men.

Clinton waved an arm, and stepped up the pace to a sharp trot. He was riding directly towards the village itself, which would bring them against the Comanche centre. A single stocky warrior, wearing a horn headdress, loped slowly across the front of the Comanche line. Mart recognized Scar first by his short lance, stripped of its trophy scalps for combat.

Captain Clinton let his horse break into a hand-lope, and the forty behind him followed suit in the same stride. Their speed was little increased, but



the line moved in an easier rhythm. Scar's line still stood quiet, unfretting. The traffic from the village had stopped at last. Scar's force stood at more than three hundred and fifty Comanches.

They were within the half mile. They could see the tall fan-feathered bonnets of the war chiefs now, and the clubbed tails of the battle ponies. The warriors were in full paint, the bright stripes and splotches on the naked bodies giving the Comanche line an oddly broken colour.

Now Scar turned in front of his centre; the line moved, advancing evenly at a walk. The Rangers watched Sol, but he gave no order, and the easy rating of his horse did not change.

They were at the quarter mile. A great swarm of squaws, children and old people had come out from the village. They stood in a long, dense line waiting to see the Rangers eaten alive. Scar's line still walked, unflustered, and Clinton still came on, loping easily.

And now came surprise. Out of the ground across the river to the right of the Comanches, the Tonkawas appeared, as if rising out of the earth. They came in no semblance of a line, riding singly and in loose bunches, a rabble. But they moved fast, pouring over the low swell that had somehow hidden them on the flank of the Comanches. A sudden gabble ran along Scar's line, and his right bunched upon itself in a confused effort to re-group.

On the open slope to the river the Tonkawas pulled up sliding and dropped from their horses. They turned the animals broadside, rested their firearms across the withers and opened fire.

In enfilade, at four hundred yards, the effect was murderous. Ragged gaps opened in the Comanche right. Some of the bonneted war chiefs—Hungry Horse, Stiff Leg, Standing Elk, Many Trees—were among the first to go down, as crack shots picked off the marked leaders. Scar shouted unheard as his whole right broke ranks to charge splashing through the river.

The Tonkawas disintegrated at once. Some faded upstream after the horse herd, but scattered shots and war cries could be heard among the lodges as others filtered into the village itself. More gaps opened in Scar's line as small groups turned back to defend the village and the horses.

"I'll be a —," Clinton swore. He gave the long yell, and they charged; and Scar, rallying his hundreds, rode hard to meet them. The converging lines were at a hundred feet when Clinton fired. Forty carbines

crashed behind him, ripping the Comanche centre. The Rangers shifted their carbines to their rein hands and drew their pistols. Immediately the horses cannoned together.

It was Mart's first mounted close action, and what he saw of it was all hell coming at him personally. A war pony went down under his horse at the first bone-cracking shock; his horse tripped, but got over the fallen pony with a floundering leap, and Comanches were all around him. Both lines disappeared in a yelling mix, into which Comanches seemed to lace endlessly from all directions.

They rode low on the sides of their ponies, stabbing upwards with their lances, and once within reach they never missed. Only chance was to pistol your enemy before his lance could reach you. The gun reached farther than the lance and hit with a shock that was final; but every shot was a snapshot and nobody missed twice. You had five bullets, and only five—the hammer being carried on an empty cylinder—to get you through it all.

The Comanches became a mass, a horde, seeming to cover the prairie like a buffalo run. Then abruptly Mart was clear. The battle had broken up into running fights and he saw that most of the Rangers were ahead of him into the village.

One last Comanche overtook him. Mart turned without knowing what warned him and fired so late that the lance fell across his back, where it balanced, teetering, before it fell off.

He looked back, letting his horse run free as he reloaded; and now he saw the stroke that finished the battle and won his respect for the cavalry for ever. Greenhill was coming in at the quarter mile, charging like all hell-fire, in so tight a line the horses might have been lashed together.

Scar massed his Comanches, and he outnumbered his enemies still; he struck hard and with all he had. Into the packed war ponies the cavalry smashed head on, in as hard a blow as cavalry ever struck. A score of the light war ponies went down under the impact of the solid line and the rest reeled and broke. Into the unbalanced wreckage the cavalry ploughed close-locked, sabreing and trampling.

Most of the village had emptied, but at the far end a great number of Comanche people—squaws, children and old folk mostly—ran like wind-driven leaves in a bobbing scatter.

The Rangers were riding through to join the Tonkawas in the running fight that could be heard far up the Wild Dog; but they made it their business to stamp out resistance as they went. The dreadful thing was that the fleeing people were armed and fought as they ran, as dangerous as a torrent of rattlesnakes.

HERE and there lay the body of an old man, a squaw or a half-grown boy, who had died rather than let an enemy pass unmolested; and sometimes there was a fallen Ranger.

Mart had to go through these people; he had to hunt through them all, and keep on hunting through them, until he found Debbie, or they got him.

A squaw as broad as a horse's rump, with a doll-size papoose on her back, whirled on him at his stirrup. Her trade gun blasted so close that the powder burned his hand, yet somehow she missed him. And now he saw Amos.

He couldn't believe it at first. Amos looked like a dead man riding, his face ash-bloodless, but with a fever-craze

burning in his eyes. It seemed a physical impossibility that he should have stayed on a horse to get here, even if some bribed soldier had lifted him into the saddle.

He must have seen Mart, but he swept past him with eyes ahead, picking his targets coolly, marking his path with Comanche dead. Mart called his name, but got no response. Mart's blown horse was beginning to wobble, so that Amos pulled away, gaining yards at every jump; and, though Mart tried to overtake him, he could not.

Then, ahead of Amos, Mart believed he saw Debbie again. A young squaw, slim and shawl-headed, ran like a deer, dodging among the horses. She might have got away, but she checked and retraced two steps to snatch up a dead man's pistol; and in that moment Amos saw her. The whole set of his labouring body changed as he charged his horse upon her. The lithe figure twisted from under the hoofs.

Amos whirled his horse at the top of its stride; it lost footing, almost went down, but he dragged it up by the same strength with which he rode. Its long bounds closed upon the slim runner, and Amos leaned low, his pistol reaching.

Mart yelled: "Amos—no!" He fired wild at Amos's back, missing from a distance at which he never missed. Then, unexpectedly, Amos raised his pistol without firing and shifted it to his rein hand. He reached down as if to lift her into the saddle.

The girl turned upon the rider, and Mart saw the broad brown face of a young Comanche woman. Her teeth showed as she fired upward at Amos, the muzzle of her pistol almost against his jacket. He fell heavily; his body crumpled as it hit, and rolled over once before it lay still. . . .

Only a handful of squaws, mostly with small children on their backs, had been taken prisoner.

Those who would talk at all admitted having known Debbie Edwards; they called her by a Comanche name meaning "Dry-Grass-Hair." But they said she had disappeared during the night following Mart and Amos's escape.

They didn't know why she had gone. She had taken no pony nor anything else with her. If she hadn't found somebody to help her, they assumed she was dead; they didn't believe she would last long, alone and afoot, upon the prairie. Evidently they didn't think much of Dry-Grass-Hair in the rôle of an Indian.

"They're lying," Sol Clinton said. "They've murdered her—that's about the size of it."

"I don't think so," Mart said.

"Why?"

"I don't know. Maybe I just can't face up to it. Maybe I've forgot how after all this time."

"Well, then," Clinton humoured him, "she must be between here and Camp Radziminski. On the way back we'll throw out a cordon. . . ."

Mart saw no hope in that, either, though he didn't say so. He slept two hours, and when he awoke in the darkness before dawn he knew what he had to do. He got out of camp unnoticed and rode north-west in a direction roughly opposite to that in which Camp Radziminski lay.

This way took him into a land of high barrens. Thousands of square miles of broken, empty country lay ahead of him and he headed into the heart of it. "I went where no Comanche would go," he explained it a long time after.

He drifted north-west, following the



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LETTERS OF CONSEQUENCE

"A Theatre for a crazy rental"

says

DONALD WOLFIT

C.B.E.

"IT WAS the worst part of 1940 and all the London Theatres were closed," says Donald Wolfit, leading actor-manager and star of the film "A Prize of Gold." "I had the idea of presenting a season of lunch-time Shakespeare at the Strand.

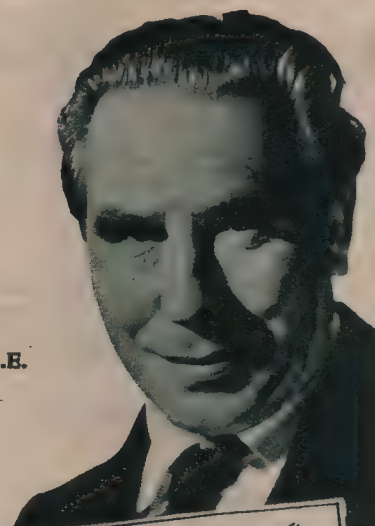
"It wasn't really an economic proposition—so I had to get the theatre at a nominal rent.

"I wrote off to the lessor straight away—and that letter, written on an impulse every-one thought a bit mad, certainly had results.

"For I got the Strand, and the lunch-time Shakespeare had a heartening success. I'm still meeting people who tell me how much it meant to them to see a theatre open and Shakespeare being acted in those sombre days of 1940."

You never know how important a letter is going to be, never know whether a letter you write may stand out later as a "letter of consequence." So make sure your letters look elegant by using Basildon Bond.

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lines of least resistance—which was what a fugitive travelling blindly and afoot, would almost inevitably have done.

Towards the end of that first day he saw vultures circling over a range of hills many hours ahead. He picked up the pace of his pony, pushing as hard as he dared, while he watched them circling lower, their numbers increasing.

They were still far off as night closed down, but in the first daylight he saw them again, and rode towards them. There were still more of them now and their circles were lower; but he was certain they were a little way farther on than they had been when first seen. What they were watching still moved, then, however slowly; or at least was still alive, for they had not yet landed.

He loped his stumbling pony, willing to kill it now and go on afoot, if only he could come to the end before daylight failed him.

Early in the afternoon he found her moccasin tracks, wavering pitifully across a sand patch for a little way, and he put the horse full out, its lungs labouring. The vultures were settling low and he could wait no longer for his answer.

And so he found her. She lay in a place of rocks and dust; the wind had swept her tracks away and sifted the dust over her, making her nearly invisible. He overrode, passing within a few yards, and would have lost her for ever without the vultures.

She was asleep, rather than unconscious, but the sleep was one of total exhaustion. He knew she would never have wakened from it of herself. Even so, there was a moment in which her eyes stared and saw him with terror; she made a feeble effort to get up.

He gave her water first, in dribbles that ran down her chin from her parched lips. She went into a prolonged chill, during which he wrapped her in all his blankets, chafed her feet and built a fire. Finally, he stewed up shredded dried meat, scraped the fibres to make a pulp and fed it to her.

When she was able to talk, the story of her flight came out very slowly and in pieces at first; then less haltingly. He kept questioning her as gently as he could, feeling he had to know what dreadful thing had frightened her, or what they had done to her.

They hadn't done anything to her. It wasn't that. It was the medicine buckle—the ornament that Scar always wore. She had believed Amos lied about its having belonged to Mart Pauley's mother, but the words that he had said were written on the back stayed in her mind.

Ethan to Judith. . . . If the words were there, then Amos's story was true, and Scar had taken the medicine buckle from Mart's mother as she died under his knife.

SHE couldn't sleep that night; and when she had lain awake a long time she knew that somehow she was going to see the medicine buckle's back. She had crawled out from between the squaws, where she always slept, and with two twigs she had picked a live coal out of the embers of the fire.

Carrying this, she crept to the deep pile of buffalo robes that was Scar's bed. The chief lay asleep, sprawled on his back. His chest was bare, and the medicine buckle gleamed upon it in the light of the single ember. Horribly afraid, she got trembling fingers upon the bit of gold and turned it over.

She had to lean close over the Comanche, so close that his breath was upon her face, before she could see the writing on the back of the medicine buckle. And then—she couldn't read it.

Once, for a while, she had tried to teach Comanche children the white man's writing; but that was long ago, and now she herself had forgotten. But Amos had told her what the words were and they seemed to fit the scratches on the gold: *Ethan to Judith*. . . . Actually, the Rangers were able to tell Mart later, Amos had lied. The inscription said: *Made in England*. Then, as she drew back, she saw Scar's terrible eyes, wide open and upon her face, only inches away. For

Guess What?

by GLYN DANIEL



THIS object, when closed, is about four inches long. It is made of bone and stainless steel. Is it . . .

- (a) A cigar cutter?
- (b) A surgical instrument?
- (c) A quill pen cutter?
- (d) A nail trimmer?

Glyn Daniel tells you more on page 34

an instant she was unable to move. Then the coal dropped upon Scar's naked chest, and he sprang up with a snarl, grabbing for her.

After that she ran. She didn't know where she was going. She ran blindly, running away from everything, seeking space and emptiness.

"But you caught me. I don't know. I was better off with them. There, where I was. If only I never looked—behind the buckle. . . ."

She was quiet. Then she said: "Now I have no place. No place to go, ever. I want to die now."

"I'm taking you back. Can't you understand that?"

"Back? Back where?"

"Home, Debbie—to our own people!"

"I have no people. They are dead. I have no place—"

"There's the ranch. It belongs to you now. Don't you want to—?"

"It is empty. Nobody is there."

"I'll be there, Debbie."

She lifted her head to stare at him—wildly, he thought. He was frightened by what he took to be a light of madness in her eyes, before she lowered them. He said: "You used to like the ranch. Don't you remember it?"

She was perfectly still.

He said desperately: "Have you forgotten? Don't you remember anything about when you were a little girl at all?"

Tears squeezed from her shut eyes and she began to shiver again, hard. He had no doubt she was taking a fever. The open prairie had ways to bite down hard and sure on any warm-blooded thing when its strength failed. Panic touched him as he realized he could lose her yet.

He knew only one more way to bring warmth to her, and that was to give her his own. He lay close beside her and wrapped the blankets around them both, covering their heads, so that even his breath would warm her. Held tight against him she seemed terribly thin, as if worked to the very bone; he wondered despairingly if there was enough of her left ever to be warmed again. But the chill moderated as his body heat reached her; her breathing steadied and finally became regular.

He thought she was asleep, until she spoke, a whisper against his chest.

"I remember," she said in a strangely mixed tongue of Indian-English. "I remember it all. But you the most. I remember how hard I loved you." She held on to him with what strength she had left, but she seemed all right, he thought, as she went to sleep.

THE END

"The Searchers" by Alan Le May will be published by William Collins on August 8 at 12s. 6d.

RAFFLES AND THE WEEKEND BANKER

Continued from page 12

bit of a facer to me to realize that what Raffles had been thinking about, on the other hand, was the little banker and his £1,000 in gold.

My mood was one of rather cold neutrality as we entered Kern's cluttered sitting-room over the antique shop. Though the windows were open to the airless dusk, the gas was lighted. The frosted globe shone down on Kern's high forehead and pale, young-old face as, sitting at a round table in the middle of the room, he turned his head to look at us with dark eyes full of a quizzical intelligence.

"All fixed, Raffles," he said. "I've just the woman for the job. Measurements and colouring just right. She's an old hand, pretty as a picture but hard as nails. It wouldn't pay her to try any tricks with us; I know too much about her. She'll cost a cool hundred, but she can be relied on to do exactly as she's told."

"I swore I'd never work with a woman confederate again, after the Birdie Minton business," Raffles said, referring to a narrow escape we had had a year or so before. "But this time it's imperative, Ivor. Now, about the four-wheeler she'll use—you've arranged for a man to 'borrow' this off some out-of-the-way cab-rank, and to drive her? Good! Bunny and I'll be using your own brougham and your driver, Jem Stoker. Jem'll be wanted for the quick retreat. I'll put him in position myself."

He took a foolscap envelope from his pocket.

"You'll find precise written instructions for the whole job in here," he said. "I went into the newspaper building yesterday, on a pretext connected with their reporting of our M.C.C. tour of the Midlands. I carefully 'lost' myself and had a good prowling round. I found the tucked-away little room with the old label marked *Cliché* on the door—the weekend banker's room. I've marked its exact position, and clearly indicated the corridors leading to it, on the plan you'll find in this envelope. Coach her thoroughly in her rôle, Ivor. Now, any questions?"

Kern smiled his cynical smile. "What about her wardrobe?"

"Bunny and I'll attend to that," Raffles said. "Your lady will do her dress change in the four-wheeler on her way from Barnes Common. See to it, of course, that the four-wheeler is one that has blinds. You'll find everything covered, though, down to the last detail, in these instructions. Right? Then Bunny and I'll be off to dinner."

There was a dancing vivacity in his eyes, as always when he had a coup maturing. But somehow I could not get the quandary of Susan and Hugh out of my mind, and I found Raffles's single-minded concentration on the £1,000 in gold slightly distasteful. Nevertheless I was swept along as usual by a fatal curiosity to see the working out of his plans. I was resolved on one thing, though, and that was that I would not take a penny of the loot this time—not a single sovereign.

MY resolution was firm in my mind as, on the Saturday morning, we bowled over Hammersmith Bridge in Kern's brougham with the horse at a smart clip-clop. I had a shrewd suspicion as to where we were bound and, sure enough, the brougham turned off presently from the main road across the sun-shimmering undulations of Barnes Common and entered a tree-lined avenue of pleasant villa residences set back in spacious gardens.

In this avenue, the brougham jingled to a standstill in the shade of the trees. When I made to alight, Raffles's hand restrained me. He took out his watch, glanced at it, then looked back through the oval window. Lighting a cigarette, he settled himself as though for a wait. A suburban peace reigned here, accentuated rather than broken by the summer sound of an unseen lawnmower. After a time, hoofbeats became

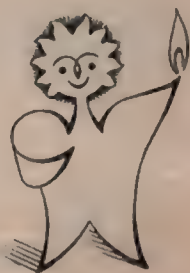
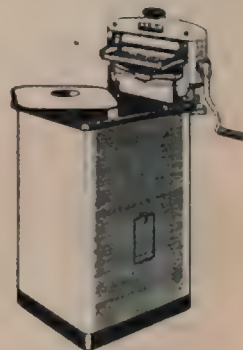
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disturbed..



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GAS—to be sure

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audible, approaching from behind us. Again Raffles looked back through the oval window.

"Right, Bunny," he said. "Off we go!"

As I walked quickly with him across the avenue, I saw that a hundred yards behind our brougham a four-wheeler—the "borrowed" one, no doubt—had pulled up under the trees.

We turned a corner to the right, into a similar avenue, and Raffles said, "Mr. Pell's house is the fourth along here. He himself will be at the bank now, of course, counting the thousand sovereigns into his satchel. His house here is called Roselands. This is it."

We halted outside white-painted rails topped by a tall privet hedge.

"I cased the place yesterday," he said. "Susan keeps house single-handed—no servants. She's almost certainly in the kitchen at this hour. I had an eye on her in her kitchen yesterday morning. She didn't dream she was watched, of course. She was roasting a sirloin—obviously to be carved cold today for Mr. Pell's weekend basket." He peered through a thinning patch in the privet, glanced each way along the avenue. "Coast's clear, Bunny. Now, stick tight!"

He stepped to the modest little white-painted gates, opened them gently, and we moved in on to a short Y-shaped driveway lined with magnificent standard roses. On each side of the drive was a lawn. The right branch of the drive curved round before the pretty villa, where a holland sun-curtain hung in the open front doorway and all the windows, upper and lower, stood open, too. The left branch of the drive passed between the side of the house and a small coach-house, and it was by this way that Raffles led me round, swiftly and silently, to the back.

Here the windows stood open to a paved space enclosed by rose-beds, and a rambler-covered pergola led down, between lawns, to a large kitchen garden. The hot sunshine was full of the scent of roses as we stood side by side with our backs flat to the wall of the house, Raffles peering in obliquely to his right at a window standing open. The sound of a drawer jerked back with a slight, sharp rattle of cutlery told me that the room was the kitchen. Raffles glanced round at me.

"We've timed it a treat," he breathed. "Her father's basket's on the table. She's just beginning to pack it. Now, if she'll only go into the larder, it'll save us a lot of bother."

He turned back. At a loss to divine the significance of the larder, I craned forward to see round him. Susan was standing at the kitchen table. She was in profile to us. She wore a starched apron over her dress. With her thumb she was testing the edge of a carving-knife.

"Nice Susan," I heard Raffles breathe. "Go into the larder, dear."

But Susan opened the table-drawer again. She took out a steel. She sharpened the knife with brisk strokes, the blade flashing in the sunshine. She tested the edge again, then laid down the knife on the table.

"Now, Susan," pleaded Raffles, in a whisper. "The larder—"

Susan turned her back to us. She crossed to a white-painted door with a key in the lock. She turned the key, opened the door and stepped into a larder ventilated by a small mesh-covered grille high up. She lifted a domed wire meat-cover to inspect a sirloin on a dish. A ray of sunshine slanting down from the grille kindled the lights of her hair. Her back was half turned to us. Before I realized what was happening, Raffles ducked in over the sill, took three swift, silent steps, closed the larder door on her, turned the key in the lock.

In the larder, a dish crashed to the floor. Raffles glanced at me.

"Papa's sirloin," he breathed. His eyes danced. He beckoned me in. I thought of poor Susan standing rigid in the larder, listening, heart pounding, breath held, dark-grey eyes wide, the broken dish at her feet; and I detested A. J. Raffles in that moment. But he snatched the basket and napkin



from the table, gripped my arm, drew me out of the kitchen, across a little hall tawnily lit by the sun through the holland curtain in the front doorway, and up a narrow, carpeted staircase. A clock ticked peacefully. All was spotless, redolent of beeswax within and the breath of roses from without. On the landing, Raffles opened a door, glanced in.

"Papa's room," he said, closed that door, opened another. "Ah, here we are," he said. "Susan's room!" He stepped in, turning to glance at me as I hesitated on the threshold, feeling ashamed. "Come on in," he said, and he gave me a wicked grin. "Take off your hat first, if it'll make you feel better about it."

However, I stayed where I was. Sunshine from the open windows flooded the dainty room; the brass bed-knobs gleamed; on the crisp white counterpane lay a shady-brimmed picture hat and a summery white dress patterned over with pink roses.

"That's what I want," said Raffles. "All laid out for us, too—she was going to wear it today." As he spoke, he was folding the dress quickly and carefully into the basket. He placed the hat lightly on top, shook out the starched folds from the napkin, covered the contents of the wicker basket with it.

"Right," he said. "Off we go, and quiet about it. *Au revoir*, Susan!"

We stole out by the sun-curtained front doorway. Stoker had brought the brougham almost abreast of the gate.

"Dammit, Raffles," I burst out, as we ducked into the brougham and the horse set off, "we can't leave Susan locked in that larder! She'll be scared—"

"I count on it," said Raffles, with a callousness I never before had known in him. "She won't know whether the unseen marauder is still in the house or not, so it'll probably be a couple of hours, at least, before she risks calling out for help. Even then, with a big garden like that, it's unlikely she'll be heard."

I felt cheapened and sordid as the brougham swung round the corner into the other avenue, and at once pulled up. Stoker leaped down from the box. His sly face appeared at the window. Handing him the basket, Raffles said

crisply: "Tell her to get it filled with food on the way into town."

Stoker nodded, carried the basket across the avenue to the four-wheeler cab. A woman's arms reached from the window and took in the basket, then the blind was pulled down. Stoker returned to the box of the brougham and, as we set off again, I looked back and saw that the four-wheeler was following, but falling behind, for our horse was a better one.

"So far, so good," said Raffles. "We got the dress easily enough, Bunny. Now for the thousand sovereigns—and if our timing's out, heaven help us!"

It was ten minutes to one by the Law Courts clock when our brougham bowled into Fleet Street. Already, as on the previous Saturday, the pulse of London had slowed to the drowsy tempo of a sweltering weekend. In the maze of byways, when our brougham turned into them and jingled to a standstill at the opening of an alley, not a soul was about.

"Now, Jem," Raffles said to the coachman when we alighted, "your job is to stay here, ready to whip away quick when the time comes."

Stoker nodded. Raffles and I walked up the alley. A bare fifty paces brought us to the Coffee Divan at the other end. We went in, and there, in the same seat near the bow window, sat Hugh Tollard, the only customer in the place, lighting his pipe.

"Great Scott!" he said. "I didn't expect to see you chaps today."

"We know where to find you on a Saturday now, Hugh," Raffles said easily, as we sat down. "We thought we'd drift along and hear your news."

"I've no news, worse luck," Hugh said. "Same old dead-end job all the week. I'm glad to see you, though. Susan will be, too. She'll be along at her usual time."

I thought of Susan locked in the larder out at Barnes Common, and I did not know where to look. And it now began to dawn upon me how extraordinary was the situation. I realized that we were in for a unique experience. We were to sit before this bow window and watch as from a theatre-box the unfolding of a crime which Raffles had planned in minutest detail.

The narrow, sunstruck street outside had indeed the look of a stage. For a while it was vacant except for the commissioner before the newspaper premises. Then, appearing as it were from behind us, came the trim, small figure of the weekend banker. On he went, striding briskly, his silk hat flashing, at his heels the two towering bank messengers in their bottle-green frock-coats, bearing between them the satchel of sovereigns. A hundred yards away from us, all three wheeled to their right and, with a salute from the commissioner, entered the newspaper premises.

Raffles and Hugh Tollard were

talking cricket. I scarcely heard a word. I could not keep my eyes from the street outside. I saw the two bank messengers reappear. They wore their off-duty-at-last air and, filling their pipes, paused for a word with the commissioner before strolling away.

The commissioner was alone again. Raffles and Hugh talked on. My heart thumped the count of minutes. And now, at the far end of the street, appeared a four-wheeler cab. It was the cab I had seen last at Barnes Common.

"Hallo, I wonder if this can be Susan?" Hugh said. "It's just her time, but she usually comes in a hansom."

My heart skipped a beat. Raffles had made an error. His bogus Susan might just as well have donned Susan's dress at some room on the way as in a four-wheeler. She should have arrived here in a hansom. The discrepancy seemed trifling, yet Hugh's tone betrayed puzzlement.

The cab pulled up before the newspaper premises. The commissioner stepped forward, opened the cab door and received from feminine hands, reaching out, a basket covered with a snow-white napkin.

"Yes, it's Susan," said Hugh, happily.

But now, as a slender figure in a shady-brimmed picture hat and a summery white dress patterned with pink roses stepped from the cab and, keeping her head a little bowed, took the basket from the commissioner and hurried inside, Hugh sounded puzzled again.

"Queer," he said. "She usually pays her cab off."

I felt a prickle of perspiration. A second error! I dared not look at Raffles.

"I wonder why she's kept her cab?" Hugh said. "I wonder if something can have happened and she's got to go straight off somewhere?" His tone was increasingly troubled. "Funny thing," he said. "When she gets out of the cab, she always looks over to the Coffee Divan—wondering if I'm here yet. She didn't do it today."

I felt stifled. A third minute slip in Raffles's written instructions? I could not believe it. And it crossed my mind to wonder whether conceivably it could be deliberate, whether indeed Raffles had so staged things as to be just sufficiently right to get his bogus Susan past the commissioner, but just sufficiently wrong to raise a doubt in the mind of the man who best knew Susan and her ways—namely, Hugh.

But I could see no sense in such a subtle and dangerous manoeuvre.

COVERTLY, I glanced at Raffles. He set his Sullivan slowly between his lips. His hand was tremorless, but his face had a drawn, intent look, and I sensed his iron tension. And the thought flashed through my mind: What now is happening between the bogus Susan and the trim, small banker in the little room isolated at the back of the almost empty newspaper premises?

"I'm sure something must have upset Susan," Hugh Tollard said. He was staring out anxiously at the waiting cab. "But, of course, she'll look in here and tell me—whatever may be wrong. She wouldn't dream of not stopping in here to tell me." He added: "Here she comes, now! She hasn't been nearly as long as usual."

My heart thumped slow and heavy as I looked again from the window. To my stupefaction, not only had the bogus Susan appeared at the door of the newspaper premises, but the small banker as well. As last week, Mr. Pell was now bareheaded; as last week, he held the basket. He carried it to the cab, and the commissioner, saluting, opened the door. The little banker put both hands to the handle of the napkin-covered basket, lifted it in on to the coir mat of the cab, and turned to the girl. She kissed his bearded cheek affectionately and stepped into the cab. The cabbie whipped up his horse, and the cab started. The banker stood motionless, staring after it.

So suddenly that the table rocked

Guess What?

THE object on page 32 is a quill cutter, the ancestor of our pen-knife. Quills are first shaped with the blade, then inserted into the opposite end of the handle. By depressing the lever, a neat slit, about a quarter of an inch long, is made in the pen. The blade withdraws into the handle by means of a spring.



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3 ozs. Castor Sugar
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FILLING:

A selection of tinned or fresh fruit.
A little Whipped Cream

Prepare an oval border mould (8" x 5½") or a 7" cake tin by greasing evenly with melted lard and dusting with 1 level dessertspoonful McDougall's Self-Raising Flour and the same amount of castor sugar, mixed.

Whisk eggs and sugar over a saucepan of very hot water until lukewarm. Remove the basin and continue whisking until the mixture is thick and ropy. Add sieved flour and salt. Lightly cut and fold the flour into the mixture with a tablespoon, then half fill the mould with it. Bake for 20 mins. (There will be some sponge mixture left over—enough to fill 3 greased Castle Pudding tins. This can be baked at the same time.)

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TO FINISH

When the cake is cold, place on the serving dish. Cut out the centre if a cake tin has been used. Fill the centre with fruit and pour a little fruit syrup around the base just before serving. Pipe stars of cream between the edge of the sponge and the fruit.

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Grapefruit Summer Salad

Remove segments from a juicy Outspan grapefruit. Wash lettuce, chicory and radishes. Shell a few walnuts, leaving the meat whole. Arrange lettuce on a platter and grapefruit sections on the lettuce. Garnish with radishes, walnuts, chicory and heap on mayonnaise. A delicious treat for all the family! Serves 4.



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and a cup crashed to the floor, Hugh Tollard stood up. His face was deeply flushed. He was staring from the window.

"Did you see?" he said thickly. "The way Mr. Pell lifted in that basket? Damned thing should be empty—but it was obviously heavy! And, by heaven, look at that cabbie! Susan would stop in here, I'm sure."

It was the fourth error—and the one too many.

"I tell you something's wrong," Hugh shouted. "I don't believe it's Susan in that cab at all!"

He lunged for the door.

Raffles and I were both on our feet. I looked at him in consternation. To my astonishment, the drawn look was quite gone from his face, the dancing vivacity was back in his eyes. He said softly: "Remember Hugh telling us he thought nothing on earth could redeem him in Mr. Pell's eyes. Bunny? Well, here's where I think he's going to do it, after all! Come on!"

The truth burst upon me. It had been staring me in the face all the time. Raffles had contrived the theft of the gold for the sole purpose of giving Hugh Tollard, ex-jailbird, an opportunity to recover it. . . .

A ton weight seemed to fall from my conscience. I followed Raffles quickly into the street, just as Tollard yelled at the cabman, "Stop, you!"

He ran out from the doorway. He darted across the narrow street, threw himself at the horse's head, caught it by the bridle with both hands, wrenching its head round as the horse shied away violently.

The driver made a flying leap from his box and raced for the alley. With him went a flutter of summery white dress patterned with pink roses, and I knew that the bogus Susan must have leaped from the door on the blind side of the cab. The pair were running full tilt. They carried no heavy basket. And thirty paces down that alley, as I well knew, Jem Stoker waited with the brougham to whip the pair of them to safety.

"After 'em!" Hugh was yelling.

He released the horse's head and started for the alley, but Raffles blocked his way. "Wait, Hugh," Raffles said. "Mr. Pell's shouting something—"

THE little banker came running up, hatless, his face white. "Never mind them, Tollard," he panted. "It's Susan that matters. We must get out to Roselands instantly. Confederates are holding her there under threat of death. We must use this cab—call at the police station on the way and—"

"To hell with the police station!" Hugh shouted. He leaped to the box of the four-wheeler. The whip cracked like a musket. "Giddap!"

Mr. Pell, Raffles and myself had barely time to scramble inside before the cab was in lurching motion.

"A terrible experience, gentlemen," said the small banker, groping with a shaking hand for his pince-nez. "In all my banking life—gentlemen, I had no choice—no choice! I had to do exactly as that horrible woman told me—open the safe, put the gold in the basket, carry the basket out to the cab for her under the nose of the commissionaire, give them two clear hours before I raised the alarm—or Susan would be killed out of hand. I knew it was no idle threat, I knew they held her—for, you see, the woman was wearing Susan's new dress! I am a banking man, prepared for the normal hazards of the profession. But my daughter, gentlemen—Susan—"

"You have no cause to reproach yourself, sir," Raffles said kindly. "It would be an unnatural father who didn't value his daughter above—how much do I understand this basket to contain?" he asked, lifting the napkin to regard the gold with meditative interest.

"A thousand pounds," said Mr. Pell. "I—"

"Just so," said Raffles. "No mean sum. Still, thanks to our mutual friend, Hugh Tollard, you have it safe and sound." Not without, perhaps, a shade of regret for what might have

It's The Custom . . .

in RIPON



The procession forms. Years ago, it called at all the inns in town

St. Wilfrid rides again —with the city band

ON St. Wilfrid's Day at Ripon in Yorkshire a year or two ago, a short procession left the town hall at two o'clock. First came the city band; then "St. Wilfrid," dressed as a Saxon bishop and riding a white horse. Leading the horse and wearing a monk's habit and a tonsured wig was Charlie Skirrow.

Not until the procession had started was it noticed that Skirrow's tonsure was hardly orthodox. The shaven scalp ran smoothly down to the neck, and Skirrow had a mass of hair hanging over his forehead. "He had put the wig on back to front," says Cyril Hawley, Ripon's Serjeant-at-Mace.

St. Wilfrid, who lived from 634 to 709, is a patron saint of Ripon, a city on the edge of the Pennines which received its charter in 886. He built the Saxon crypt of the cathedral, and the work survives to this day. "Ripon was one of St. Wilfrid's favourite towns," says the Dean of Ripon, Frederick Hughes, "and the people here thought a lot of him."

Deposed twice from his bishopric, imprisoned once, and a fugitive for years, St. Wilfrid had a stormy career, but every time that he rode into Ripon after some

adventure, he was given a great welcome.

Nowadays, "St. Wilfrid" rides through the streets of Ripon every year on the Saturday before the August bank holiday. He wears sumptuous robes of cream, white and red, adorned with white lace: they are kept in repair by Roman Catholic nuns.

Lawrence Scott, who died last year, had played the part of St. Wilfrid for fifteen years. "It was always great fun," he said. "The children love St. Wilfrid."

The ride covers most of the city, and includes a visit to the cathedral where "St. Wilfrid" is greeted by the Dean and the cathedral clergy.

The procession arrives back at the town hall at about half past four. "By then, the bandsmen are pretty well exhausted," says Cyril Hawley. "They have been playing and marching for over two hours."

In former days, it was a Ripon tradition that the procession should call at all the inns of the city. If an inn was missed, it was thought to bring it bad luck. The habit was dropped, though, as it tended to make the procession a little disorderly.

been, he dropped the napkin back over the swag. "What a lucky thing for you, sir," he said, "that Hugh was in the habit of waiting for your daughter at the Coffee Divan on Saturdays! I've never seen quicker thinking. He penetrated the disguise of the summer dress, put two and two together in a flash, and took instant action."

"Indeed, yes," said the small banker. "This coup was planned with a wicked adroitness. It says a great deal for Tollard's acuteness and resolution that the thing failed. I owe much to him, am really most indebted, deeply grateful—if only—if only we find Susan safe. . . ."

On this score he was reassured on our arrival at Roselands, when we all dashed in—Raffles and I outwardly as anxious as our companions—to hear a small voice calling forlornly from the larder: "Help! Let me out!"

Naturally, with all the details which Susan and her father had excitedly to recount to us of their experience, it was some time before we left.

Susan and Hugh walked down the drive with us. Though Susan unfortunately had lost for ever her new summer dress and her hat, Mr. Pell's relief at her safety and that of the

bank's thousand sovereigns, and his radically changed attitude to Hugh as a result, more than made up for the loss. Never, in fact, had I seen two people so radiant as Susan and Hugh.

WE stood talking for a little, and Raffles, in his graceful way, commented on the beauty of Mr. Pell's garden and the luxuriance of his roses.

"Perhaps he'll be able to work on them at weekends, now," said Susan. "After what's happened today, I should think the paper will wake up to father's existence, and realize how redundant and—and vulnerable the weekend banking service is." She smiled and with her pretty hands plucked a rose from one of the standards. Smiling into Raffles's eyes, she reached up and put the rose into the buttonhole of his lapel.

"Are you fond of roses, A. J.?" she said.

"Excessively so, Susan," said Raffles.

With this as his reward for what personally I felt to be one of the subtlest of his triumphs, Raffles and I walked away, smiling, leaving her in the evening light with Hugh at the gate—that girl, Susan.

THE END

LOST FRONTIER

Continued from page 15

as he grows up he flirts with the girls of his own gang as well as with other unmarried girls of the village.

The Apa Tanis do not disapprove of love making between unmarried boys and girls. The young couples meet in the granaries, in bamboo groves and sometimes even in their parents' houses, and at this age an attractive slave-boy has nearly the same opportunities as the son of patrician parents, and no one objects if he enjoys the favours of patrician girls. All Apa Tani youths delight in secret and often short-lived love affairs, and their parents look with tolerance and amusement on the romantic adventures of the young people.

Slaves And Lovers

The free relationship between the young people of both classes has, however, very important consequences. In the days of childhood and youth, ties of friendship are formed which no class distinction can completely obliterate. The patrician's wife always has a friendly feeling for the lovers of her young days, even if they are the dependants and slaves of her neighbours, and the ease with which slaves join in the conversation round a fireside is undoubtedly the result of the early comradeship between boys and girls of the same work gangs.

Though usually treated with consideration and even affection, a slave has few legal rights. As long as he lives in his master's house and has not been given land of his own, he may be sold at any time. The slave-owner who is faced with the necessity of paying a fine, ransoming a captured relative or providing a mithan for sacrifice, may find the sale of a slave the quickest and sometimes the only way of raising the necessary funds. But young children are normally not separated from their parents, and married couples are always sold together. Moreover, it is an unwritten law that an Apa Tani slave shall not be sold outside his own country. Sales within the Apa Tani community mean hardly more than a change of house. Even if sold to another village, an Apa Tani lives within sight of his old home and has many opportunities of meeting his old friends.

Though Apa Tanis will not sell their own tribesmen to outsiders, they buy many slaves from Daffas, usually children who have been captured in raids. These are brought up as Apa Tanis, speak only Apa Tani and marry Apa Tanis. Thus a continuous stream of Daffa blood flows into the slave population of the Apa Tani valley, and this no doubt contributes to the physical differences between slave Apa Tanis and the patricians.

Held As A Hostage

Many Daffa slaves enjoy their lives in Apa Tani villages and I remember how Nielom Tacho, a young Daffa, joked about his captivity. He was a striking man with handsome features, and startling eyes which, bulging from their sockets, gave him a fierce expression.

"I was quite a small boy, living with my parents, when one day I accompanied my elder brother on a friendly visit to Haja. While we were there Kemli Koi captured me on the pretext that my brother had failed to repay an old debt."

"My father was too poor to ransom me and so Kemli Koi sold me to Hage Polu. But Polu did not want to keep me, and he took me to several villages, hoping to find someone to buy me."

"He had no luck. All the villagers said, 'How can we buy a boy with a face like that? He would certainly seduce our wives, and in the end he might even murder us.' So Polu took me back to his own village, and I remained in his house for many years. It was not a bad life and I had lots of fun with the girls."

I will always remember the pride with which Tako, an old Daffa of Hang, assured me again and again that he was a follower of the great Ponyo Tamar; he positively basked in

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the glory of his Apa Tani lord and master.

When Tako was about ten years old, his father was killed and his mother married again; his stepfather sold him to a Daffa of Talo. There Tako stayed for seven or eight years and then he ran away to the plains of Assam.

At the time of his separation from his mother, he had been too small to ask about his father, but when he grew up he decided to go to the Apa Tani country in order to find out about his father's death. There he met Ponyo Tamar, who, like other wealthy men, must have had a good eye for potential dependants. He suggested that Tako should come to live with him in Hang, and Tako, who did not want to spend his whole life in the plains, agreed. Ponyo Tamar paid three mithan to Tako's former owner to avoid, as he said, the odium of harbouring a runaway slave.

Tamar had a Daffa slave with an Apa Tani wife, and Tako married their daughter. When the first child was born, Tamar gave them a separate house close to his own and a garden plot to grow vegetables.

"Ponyo Tamar would also have given me some rice-fields, but I did not care to own lands," explained Tako. "Why should I not be content to work for Tamar? He gives us all the rice we need and we are never short of food. Both my sons have been given land, even though they are not yet married; one of them lives in Tamar's house and the other has joined the household of his sister. I taught them to be good hunters, but otherwise they are just like Apa Tanis."

Slavery And Crime

Slaves are excluded from the competition for prestige which is an important part of Apa Tani life, and one of the incentives for getting rich. To be caught in a criminal act may have more serious consequences for a slave than for any free man.

A master embarrassed by a slave's tendency to petty crimes will first try to sell him; but if the slave is a notoriously bad character, there may be no buyer. Cutting his losses, the owner may then withdraw his protection and even start proceedings which can end in his slave being put to death.

Such a case had occurred in Hang some time before my arrival, when a slave-girl of irresponsible character kept straying from her master's house. Her promiscuity would have been a matter of indifference to the villagers, but her thieving caused general annoyance.

One day, when she was caught red-handed, her owner declared that he would no longer be responsible. He had her seized and tied up at the sitting platform of his clan, and then called the leading men to decide her fate.

They resolved unanimously that she must pay the penalty for habitual theft. Her master's other slaves dragged her to the execution place and there she was hacked to pieces and thrown into the river.

Justice Is Severe

The Apa Tanis, living in crowded villages in a limited area, must have a severe code of justice, and criminals must be drastically dealt with if serious friction is to be avoided.

It is only in extreme cases, however, that an Apa Tani thief will pay with his life for his crimes. More usually a show of force and public condemnation will be followed by an arrangement for the thief to make amends. So it was when Rali, a slave woman of Hari, was accused of stealing a brass plate and was tied up.

One morning when I was walking through the village I saw a large crowd at the assembly platform of the Taru clan. At the foot of the platform, protected from the rain by a projecting plank, sat a young woman, her foot stuck through a hole in a large wooden log which was secured by an iron peg.

Cane ropes bound her to the posts of the platform, her hair-knot had been cut off, but she was still wearing her large brass ear-rings and a few other ornaments.

Considering her precarious situation

she seemed extraordinarily composed. The cane ropes round her arms were so tightly drawn that the flesh was red and swollen, but one of her captors humoured me by loosening them when I pointed out that they must cause the girl considerable pain.

Beside her was a small fire and some cooked rice in a broken gourd, and our interpreter whispered to me that she was only a scapegoat, the real culprit being a patrician who had staged her capture to divert attention from himself.

If this was his intention he had certainly succeeded. The clan-head of Haja had elastic views about justice, and was only too willing to sacrifice the good name of a poor widow in the interests of patrician solidarity in Haja.

Slaughtering a pig and a goat he gave a feast to reconcile the owner of the brass plate and the suspected patrician thief; he recouped his expenses by attaching Rali to his own household and making her work for him.

End Of The Dispute

The elders found no flaw in this. They could not prove who had stolen the plate, and the clan-head's proposal meant the end of the troublesome dispute. Sano Rali entered his house as a bond servant. She was allowed to go about freely and spent most of her time weaving, at which she was expert.

I doubt whether this arrangement meant any great hardship for her. As a poor widow without the support of close kinsmen, she had to live on casual labour; as a member of a rich man's household her position was more secure than it had been.

To the Apa Tanis, there is a subtle difference between common crime and certain acts of violence which are not considered disreputable. The rich man who picks a quarrel with an equal and in its course captures men and mithan, is allowed to carry the dispute to considerable lengths if the general peace of the village is not disturbed and no one suffers except the two quarrelling parties.

Indeed, the capture of an opponent is a favourite and fairly effective means of pressing a claim. But if an Apa Tani of wealth and high position considers his honour at stake, he uses a special procedure to restore his prestige and humiliate his enemy. He challenges his opponent to a *lisudu* competition.

Contest In Killing

The challenger starts by killing one or more of his mithan in front of his opponent's house, leaving the meat for the other villagers to eat. For good measure he sometimes adds to the sacrifice by breaking such valuables as Tibetan bells, bronze plates and swords. If his opponent accepts the challenge, he must slaughter at least the same number of mithan and destroy property of equal value in front of the challenger's house.

Ponyo Tamar of Hang told me proudly of such a competition with a man who, he felt, had dishonoured him. It had occurred a good many years ago, but hearing Tamar describe it one would have thought it had happened yesterday.

"The first day of my feud with Lampung, I slaughtered three of my mithan cows in front of his house and smashed one bell, one bronze plate and one sword. Lampung replied by slaughtering four mithan in front of my house, but he did not destroy any valuables.

"Next day I killed ten mithan and Lampung killed twenty. I more than matched these by killing thirty on the following day, but Lampung, far from admitting defeat, collected sixty mithan and killed them on the fifth day.

"Then I called upon all my kinsmen to lend me mithan and when I had gathered eighty I was ready to slaughter them. Lampung could not have matched this number, and his defeat was certain. But then the elders of all the other clans in Hang intervened; they persuaded me to kill only sixty mithan, to end the *lisudu* by equalling but not outstripping Lampung.

"I agreed, provided Lampung admitted his fault, and compensated me



for his insult. This he did; he paid me a fine of one mithan cow."

The squandering of so much wealth on a point of honour may appear senseless, but for the average villager it is a good thing if two men competing for leadership relieve each other of some of their surplus wealth.

The meat of the slaughtered mithan is not wasted, for in a village like Hang, with more than four thousand mouths to feed, dozens of mithan are easily consumed, and visitors from other villages are not lacking when a *lisudu* is in progress. Indeed, the whole valley enjoys a feast at the expense of two rich men who leave the contest with their wings considerably clipped.

While personal rivalries within the village can be settled by a *lisudu*, disputes between different villages cannot be solved so easily. If a quarrel arouses strong feelings on both sides and all attempts at peacemaking fail, the only way of easing the tension may be a mass duel.

Such a conflict, called a *gambu*, usually starts with an armed demonstration by the villagers who consider themselves aggrieved, and sometimes the demonstration ends a deadlock or persuades the other party to meet demands for compensation. But often the challenge is accepted and both sides line up for battle. The actual fight is governed by various rules and as soon as there are one or two casualties on either side, the fight is called off.

Some years before our arrival in the valley, Hang and Hari villagers had held a *gambu*.

On the day fixed for the contest, the men of Hari and their allies, all carrying enormous pikes fifteen feet long, and large rectangular shields of mithan hide, lined up on the fields below Hang.

The Hang men, enraged by the challenge, came out to fight. There was a great deal of shouting, but the combatants kept at a respectful distance. Flights of arrows were exchanged, and the Hari men and their allies dashed forward with their pikes, but there was no general mêlée.

Rumour Stopped Duel

Vastly outnumbered, the Hang men gradually gave way, and the attackers, entering the garden area, began to damage the fences and the bamboo groves. Men of Haja and Duta, villages which had remained neutral in the quarrel, had come to watch the fight. Suddenly the rumour spread that the son of one of Hang's leaders lay dying from an arrow wound in the chest.

This sobered the men of Hari. To kill the son of Hang's leading man was more than they had intended, and they feared that if the boy died, relations with Hang would be embittered for a long time to come. Though on the threshold of the village, they broke off the contest.

Subsequently it was discovered that the rumour was exaggerated. It was true that the boy had been wounded, but the injury was not serious. Hari's casualties were two wounded.

The fight had been the final word in the dispute, and normal relations

between the villages were gradually re-established.

Patrician Apa Tanis are sensitive to any slight on their family honour, and husbands of well-born girls are careful never to offend the pride of their parents-in-law. More than one young man confessed to me that he would like to marry a second wife, but was afraid his first wife's parents would consider it an insult to their daughter and take drastic action.

Relations between a man and his parents-in-law can become very strained and I shall always remember the curious case of Tamo who captured his own son-in-law, Pusang, and kept him tied up for many months. Tamo was a rather gruff, elderly man, with a face furrowed by deep lines, and a ridiculously small hair-knot. Pusang was young, handsome, and obviously a favourite with the ladies.

Drove Out His Wife

Many years before, Pusang had married Tamo's niece, but the match ended in a divorce, and Tamo, giving Pusang a second chance, agreed to his marriage with his daughter Sante.

Suddenly Pusang took a dislike to Sante. "What would you think of a husband," Tamo asked me, "who drove his wife from his house? Again and again Sante tried to return, but every time her husband turned her away. Time after time, I tried to make him see reason, but he was as stubborn as a mithan bull. At last he had the impudence to come to my house and ask me to take my daughter back."

"This gave me my chance. My two sons happened to be at home, and we got hold of Pusang and put him in the stocks. This was six months ago, and all this time we have had to keep him tied up. It is a lot of trouble, but Pusang won't give in. Would you like to see what my house looks like?"

I said that I would, and we climbed through bamboo groves up a small hill. The house was at the top. It was surrounded by a palisade that towered above the roof; there was no front entrance, but at the back a high ladder led up to a gate in the fence twenty feet above the ground, and another led down into the courtyard of the house. What a job the women must have had bringing home the water twice a day!

High above the ladder a small platform had been built on stout bamboo poles and seated on this one member of Tamo's family kept a nightly vigil.

I admired Tamo's ingenuity in making his house escape proof, and he told me that unless his son-in-law agreed to take back his wife or to pay a ransom of twenty-five mithan he would continue to keep him prisoner, however inconvenient it might be for the other residents. Negotiations with Pusang's kinsmen had started, but no definite offer had been made.

Sante, the cause of all the trouble, was too shy to give her version of the story. She was a thin and inoffensive-looking woman of about thirty, lacking the jolliness and rosy cheeks which makes so many young Apa Tani women attractive. Unhappiness was written on her face, and I doubted whether her

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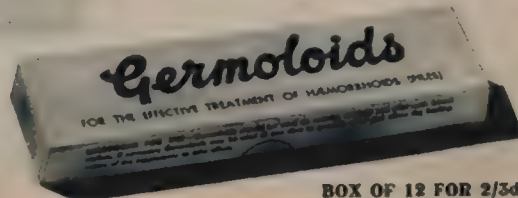
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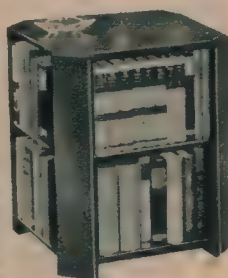
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father's policy was much help in brightening her domestic life. The atmosphere at family meals, when she had to serve her captive husband, must have been a little strained.

When I revisited the place a year later, the fence had been removed from Tamo's house. Pusang's clansmen had ransomed him and the parties were reconciled, but Pusang and Sante had separated.

Disputes caused by quarrels between husband and wife are not frequent, however, and there are few divorces. The great freedom in matters of sex which both men and women enjoy before marriage seems to make for stable unions in later life, even though there may be casual love-affairs between young married men and unattached girls; only if the first wife agrees can a husband take a second wife.

Wanted Four Wives

Such agreement seems to be rare; in Haja, a village of some 640 houses, there were only three men with more than one wife. Kago Bida, however, one of the richest and most influential of the younger men, told me laughingly that he hoped to build up a polygamous household.

Rosy-cheeked, powerfully built and always expensively dressed, he was the picture of a man fond of good living; the self-confidence with which he would enter an assembly must have won him the heart of any woman admiring virility and elegance.

His irrepressible good humour, however, endeared him to both of us, and Betty encouraged his confidences with the assurance that no woman could hope for anything better than to find a place in his home even as a second, third or fourth wife. The number four was indeed in his mind, and he told us that three girls had agreed to be his additional wives. His first wife, who had borne him two daughters, but as yet no son, had already given her permission and her kinsmen, too, had been sounded.

He had spoken—and probably more than spoken—to the girls of his choice, and when he was sure of their willingness, he had obtained the consent of their fathers. All was arranged and next year he would begin the series of weddings by marrying a girl from Dutu village. He would kill a mithan and feast all their friends and kinsmen.

The other marriages would follow, and we thought it considerate of Bida to space his weddings so that each bride should have a honeymoon of her own. It is customary in polygamous households for every wife to have a separate hearth and her own granary, and Bida was already speaking of extending his house.

But only a man very sure of his position can marry more than one wife. Karu, one of our guides, who looked so dashing and adventurous, was very

much under the thumb of his pretty young wife. He once confessed that although he could easily get any number of girls to marry him, his wife and her family would never let him take a second wife.

Whether he did not enjoy casual adventures, I cannot say, but he always seemed anxious to return to his own house. Once when I was camping in Hang, and we were sitting round the fire in the evening, Karu debated whether he should walk back to Haja or spend the night in Hang.

He was not frightened of being captured by Dafias, he said, but a spirit might seize him on the way and make him ill. The Hang men teased him for his eagerness to return to his wife: "Have you no girl friends here?" they questioned. But Karu was not to be drawn and retorted that the Hang people all had dark complexions—he did not even want to look at the women of Hang.

Apa Tani women have great freedom in managing their household affairs. They can sell grain and cattle without consulting their husbands, while a man will rarely dispose of any part of his crop until he has discussed the deal with his wife. Indeed, if a household was short of food, a wife might even sell a piece of her husband's land.

Should a husband and wife enter independently into conflicting deals about the sale of, say, the same mithan, the wife's arrangements would be upheld, even at the expense of the husband's plans.

The marriage bond does not end with death. In Neli, the Land of the Dead, husbands and wives live together again, and a woman who had more than one husband on this earth will rejoin the man she married first.

No Wedding Ritual

Though an Apa Tani marriage is believed to outlast life itself, the wedding is a casual affair without ceremonies or religious rites. If a young couple have agreed to get married, either the girl comes to live in the young man's house, or he joins her parents' household, both being temporary and informal arrangements until the young couple can build a house of their own. It is a father's duty to provide his sons with house sites, but the establishment of a separate household may be put off for many months.

When a young couple move into their own house, they invite the clansmen of both parties to a kind of house-warming party and entertain them with mithan meat or pork, rice, and large quantities of beer. Patricians and well-to-do slaves usually pay a bride-price, which varies from one to five mithan, and the girl's parents give their daughter a dowry of ornaments, household vessels and clothes.

Both bride-price and dowry are paid only after husband and wife have lived

with each other for some time; it is not an enforceable obligation but rather a gift of goodwill.

The Apa Tani women were always nervous when their menfolk left the valley on some errand for us, and would come and worry us if their return was overdue. I well remember the night when Nada's wife harried us so persistently that we hardly had an hour's sleep.

Nada was a young man of patrician family whom we often employed as a messenger, and one evening, having returned from North Lakhimpur with our letters, he sat by our fireside and warmed himself with a mug of liquor before going to the village. At about eleven that night, when we were lying peacefully in bed, the door of our room was opened and in came Nada's wife: she wept and poured out such a tale of woe that I got up.

Nada, it seemed, had not reached home. What had happened to him? We assured her that her husband had returned from his journey early in the evening, and after delivering our post had left Pape in good health several hours ago. Somewhat reassured she went away, and I went back to bed. But it was not long before we heard once more her cries of "Nada, Nada," and there she was standing in our doorway again, demanding to know where Nada was. Throughout the night she woke us at intervals with her call of "Nada, Nada," so that in the early hours we feared that he had had an accident on his way from the camp.

Alibi For His Wife

But we need not have worried, for next day our interpreter, hearing of the night's disturbance, came to tell me that Nada had spent the night in a granary with his girl friend. At cock's crow he had gone to the interpreter's house to establish an alibi and the two friends pretended that they had had dinner together and, being tired, Nada had stayed on for the night.

I asked the interpreter whether Nada, whose marriage of ten years' standing was childless, could take his girl friend as second wife. "He would not dare," was the answer. "His wife's relatives are important people. They would feel insulted if he took a second wife: they would certainly kidnap him and cut off his hair if they heard that such was his intention."

As the time of our departure drew near, the Apa Tanis began pressing me for an assurance that after the rains the government would send sepoys into the hills and so end their troubles with the Daflas of Licha.

Priest Made Sacrifice

One day they underlined the urgency of their pleadings by bringing one of their publicly owned mithan to our house at Pape; the mithan, they declared, was to be sacrificed in the interest of our friendship. At a nearby altar the animal was tied to a tree and ceremonially fed with bamboo leaves.

Chigi Nime drew his sword from its sheath, and waving it at the animal began one of his long incantations. He called on the mithan not to grieve over his death—he would die in a good cause, strengthening the friendship between the Apa Tanis and the government.

The mithan was killed, and the meat was divided into equal shares and distributed among all the households of Duta and Haja villages. We too received a share, the first mithan meat we had tasted since our arrival in the Apa Tani country. It was very good.

I discussed with Apa Tani notables the part that they were prepared to play if a bigger expedition came into the hills the following winter. Such an expedition would certainly require a great many porters, I explained; nothing less than two hundred would be able to keep up the communications of an adequate escort of sepoys.

The Apa Tani elders assured me in their grandest manner that two hundred, even four hundred porters, would be readily forthcoming in the cold weather when the harvest had been brought in.

But when I mentioned that I would soon be returning to the plains and

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would need about thirty porters, they were not so confident. They pointed out that the time of the year in which the Apa Tanis were used to leaving their own country had long passed. The men were fearful of making the journey to the plains.

Reluctantly we fixed the date of our departure for May 21. Our own Gallong porters were to begin moving some of the camp equipment to Joyhing, and then they were to return to meet us halfway on our downward journey, while the Apa Tani clan elders promised to find porters to take us as far as the Perre River.

Many of the Apa Tani notables came dressed in their best white cloaks to see us leave Pape, and before the assembled crowds Chigi Nime and Koj Talo presented me with a Tibetan sword in a bamboo sheath. Solemnly Nime hung the sling round my neck saying I should always wear it as a symbol of our friendship; then, making the gesture of taking his heart from his own breast and laying it on mine, he declared that the Apa Tanis and I should for ever be as brothers.

I was touched; it had been a simple act but a sincere one, and I felt churlish when I could no longer delay my inquiries for the porters who were to carry our luggage. They were, we were told, making ready for the journey and would soon arrive in camp.

Hitch Over Porters

Another hour elapsed and once more I asked about the porters, only to be told that they were eating their morning meal. How could they start on empty stomachs?

It was ten o'clock before the first men came straggling over the fields; they were the most miserable lot of slaves, old, infirm and of little value. Many young men, as strong and as fit as anyone could wish, stood idly by as we upbraided the elders for not making better arrangements; they scorned the idea of enlisting as porters, work they considered demeaning for those of noble birth; and they saw no reason to oblige me and earn a few rupees.

After several hours haggling, we were still five men short. The elders declared they could do no more, and it was Chigi Nime who saved the situation: he announced that he would give rice and meat for the journey to any shouldering the loads lying about on the grass, and when this failed he made a grand gesture, announcing that he, greatest of spirit callers, would himself accompany us as far as the Perre River. He rushed off to his house and within the hour he returned, magnificently dressed in a large black fibre rain hat and cloak with bottles of rice-beer and cooked food dangling from both shoulders.

We were grateful to Chigi Nime for his gallant example, and we soon had a porter for every load.

Bitten By Leeches

Our journey back to Assam was even worse than we feared. The mountain path was sodden and slippery, the heat oppressive, and our porters complained continually. Wearing only cotton shirts and shorts, we were drenched to the skin, and, like the porters, covered with blisters and leech bites.

We crossed Mount Kemping, and by the time we got to the Panior River, we were all smeared from head to foot with yellow mud. Following the Panior valley, beside the swirling water, over ridges and rock faces we finally reached the village of Joyhing.

Here we sent back our Apa Tani porters, and Betty and I with our Gallongs raced through the darkening forests, knowing that we were on the last lap, and that a dry roof and clean clothes were not far ahead.

We reached the tea plantations, and made our way to the manager's bungalow, and a few minutes later were lying stretched out in hot baths. Already I was beginning to plan our return to the Tibetan borderlands. As soon as the monsoon was over, we would go back, this time with an armed force, to seek out and come to terms with the Apa Tanis' enemies, the vengeful Daflas.

NEXT WEEK: We storm a Dafla fortress



FIGHTING CHAMPION IN A CANOE

Continued from page 17

quickly straightened out the rudder, back-paddled to put them on course, and, holding the rudder bar firmly between his feet, led a sprint that won them the race by one metre.

Colyer's mental and physical stamina have grown from relentless and thorough training. Before entering the air force for his national service, his winter training during weekends included six miles cycling, an hour-and-a-half's running through a park, another four miles cycling to the Royal Canoe Club and an hour-and-a-half's paddling. In the afternoons, Colyer cycled to another clubhouse where he played squash for an hour-and-a-half and then cycled back home again. In the summer months he trained on the river for two hours each day.

As an aircraftman at Benson, near Oxford, Colyer still spends most of his spare time training. After work, he cycles to the R.A.F. Rowing Club at Wallingford where he uses a punch ball and skips to strengthen his shoulder and arm muscles and to improve his timing. Normally, he spends an hour-and-a-half a day on the water, and returns to his own club in London for full-time practice at the weekends.

Once, for training, Colyer ran and walked seventeen miles to Bisham Abbey, near Marlow, picked up his canoe, and with Ted Field, a friend, ran and walked back to camp, carrying the canoe over their heads. He left Benson at 5 p.m. and returned at two the next morning.

"Just after midnight a police car patrol pulled up beside us to ask what we were doing," says Field. "Geoff stopped to explain that he was simply training, then we set off again. The police drove off, looking puzzled."

Colyer's canoe, a Danish kayak singles model, has a beam of twenty inches, is seventeen feet two inches long, weighs twenty-six pounds and cost him £37. His Swedish paddles, which cost £3 10s. each, have double-edged blades set on a hollow shaft, and are made of silver spruce.

With no framework, modern kayaks are stronger and collect less water than the old-fashioned type. They are made of four layers of mahogany veneers

which are laid over a wooden mould and glued together. Then the boat is placed in a rubber bag from which the air is expelled. The bag contracts, pressing the veneers firmly against the mould. Kayak singles canoes are built in one piece, while kayak doubles and fours canoes may be built in sections.

Though modern kayaks can withstand rough conditions better than most other small craft, they are still vulnerable. At an international regatta at Namur, Belgium, a cluster of kayaks sped into the path of circling hydroplanes when a race was mistimed. "The paddlers weren't able to get out of the way," said Colyer. "Three of the canoes were cut clean in half, spilling the occupants into the water."

In the canoe, Colyer sits on a small detachable seat and works the rudder bar with his feet. During training, he pauses for a moment between each paddle stroke so that in racing where he cannot let up, relaxation between strokes becomes automatic. Colyer has a short, choppy stroke where a long, gliding stroke is recommended. "It means that he has to work harder," says Eric Farnham, "but it gives him an advantage in that he is virtually sprinting all the way around the course."

Race Tactics Count

Kayak singles and doubles events include races over distances of 500 metres, 1,000 metres and 10,000 metres, while kayak fours events include races over 1,000 and 10,000 metres. Some regattas hold 500 metres relays with kayak fours, and events for Canadian canoes, in which the competitors kneel and use single-bladed paddles.

As in most sports, tactics can help to win races. By "hanging on" to a leading canoe's wash, a competitor can be sucked along by the water and therefore do less work. Although canoeists must keep five metres apart in most races, in the first 9,000 metres of the 10,000 metres events, a canoeist can force an opponent to give way by bringing the bow of his canoe level with the opponent's cockpit at turns. In such cases, the harassed canoeist may splash back with his paddle to annoy his pursuer.

Colyer rarely adopts this practice

since he thinks that splashing wastes vital energy. He also does not believe in oiling or waxing the hull of a canoe before a race. "It may give a competitor confidence," he says, "but it does nothing to speed him up."

Once Colyer lost a race through judging the course wrongly. Taking the shortest distance, he clung to the inside banks at turns—and found himself fighting against the current. Although his opponent had taken the longer way around, he won the race easily.

In training, Colyer finds it easier to go fast when there is movement around him in the water and on shore. "Quiet stretches, although beautiful, aren't ideal to train on," he says.

Almost Sucked Down

While Colyer is noted for his last-minute sprints in racing, he made his fastest sprint one day when training on Lake Geneva. Concentrating on his stroke, he failed to notice two pleasure steamers that were churning towards him. "I escaped just in time to avoid being sucked in by their wash," he says.

Organized canoeing began in England when John MacGregor, an enthusiast who paddled down the Nile and the Jordan and across the Baltic, founded a canoe club at Teddington, Middlesex. The club, now the Royal Canoe Club, opened branches in Oxford and Cambridge, and interest spread throughout the country. Rigid canoes built on a framework were used first, and experiments with Canadian canoes and Continental folding canoes followed. In 1937, clubs started using kayaks built on moulds.

Physically, canoeists need powerful arms and bodies. "Canoeing needs more sheer ability than sculling, where the legs are used and the sculls are fixed on a pivot," says Eric Farnham. Since the pressure is on one side at a time in canoeing, the sport requires a fine sense of balance.

At the Olympic Games in 1952, Colyer was hurled into the Baltic when a high gust of wind caught his paddle as his canoe rode the edge of a wave. It is one of the few times that he has capsized. "Geoff has an uncanny sense of balance," says Sid Rand, Britain's leading sculler. "He seems equally at ease in any small craft."

Won In First Season

Geoffrey Colyer first turned to canoeing in 1950 when a friend offered to sell him an ex-service kayak. Instead, Colyer bought a folding canoe of the Continental type and started canoeing for pleasure on the Thames near his Surbiton home. Six months later he joined the Royal Canoe Club and started training under his present coach. In his first season, Colyer won the 10,000 metre kayak singles event in the British championships, defeating Ray Parker and Billy Churn—both older and more experienced canoeists.

Colyer continued to win races the following season, but he almost decided to abandon canoeing on a sixty mile tour down the Severn one Easter weekend. "It was cold and snowing hard," he says. "I felt like giving up on the spot."

Colyer's spirit returned for a thirty-seven miles race in the Festival of Britain celebrations some months later. For the marathon event—the course was from Richmond to Woolwich and back—his mother prepared a concoction of lemon juice and sugar as an energy-restorer. "During the whole trip," says Graham Palmer, his partner, "Geoff didn't stop paddling to touch it."

In 1954, Colyer's training was interrupted by his call-up. Later he lost several races to Ray Parker and seemed in danger of finishing the season without a single victory to his credit.

"The night before the 10,000 metres singles event in the European Championships at Mâcon, he was full of his old fighting spirit," says Graham Palmer. "The next day he beat Ray Parker and went on to win the 1,000 metres kayak singles event in the British championships." THE END

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When He's Not.....
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.....For Mrs. Jones
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A.....Figure

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For ten winners of £2 10s., see "Bullets" Bulletin. 25 Prizes of £1 and 2,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fee not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "Bullets" Bulletin dated Aug. 27 and in JOHN BULL dated Sept. 3), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, Aug. 20, for early news of No. 1,999 result.)

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